HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXII.—No. 1650.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

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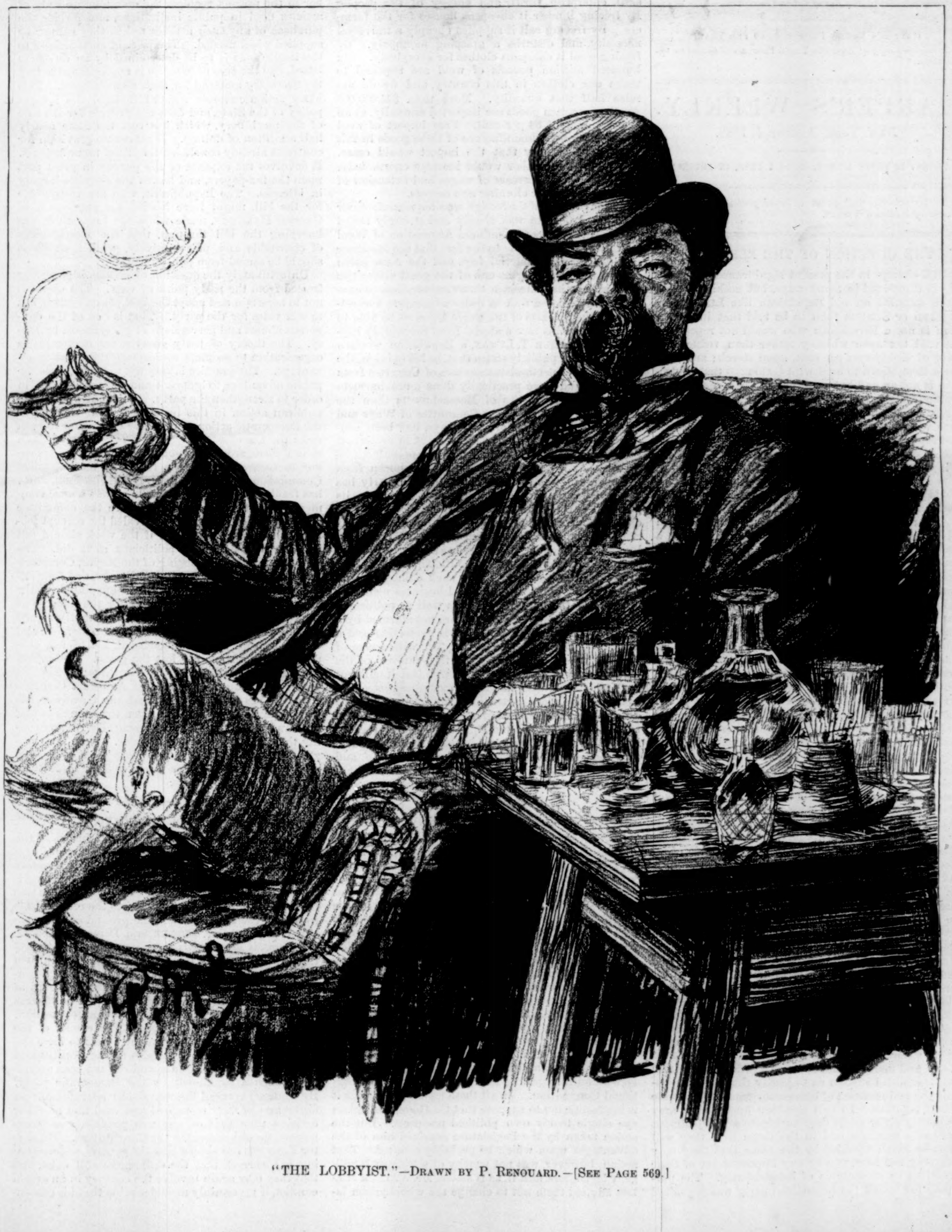

"THE LOBBYIST."—Drawn by P. Renouard.—[See Page 569.]

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THE QUESTION OF THE ELECTION.

THE change in the present significance of parties is illustrated in many ways, but nothing would more astonish an old Republican like LINCOLN or SEWARD or SUMNER than to be told that in 1888 a man is not a Republican who would not repeal the internal tax upon whiskey rather than reduce the duty of eighty-two per cent. upon starch; and that for a Republican to hold with GARFIELD that protection is not an end but a means, is to be a renegade, a traitor, and a Sunday-school politician. The Chicago *Tribune*, which advocates tariff reform and opposes free whiskey, supports the Republican nominations but repudiates the Republican platform. To repudiate the platform, however, is practically to bolt, which the Chicago *Tribune* declares that it will not do. The Philadelphia *Telegraph*, as we understand it, holds that virtually this is an impossible position, and that, as this year the Republican party has made itself an extreme protection party, no journal which advocates tariff reform can be for this campaign a Republican paper. The *Telegraph* objects to the course of former Republicans who, while voting against protection, decline to call themselves Democrats, and seems to hold that the party has finally decided that Republicanism is now simply a policy of extreme protection for the sake of protection, as set forth in the Chicago platform, and that everybody who is not such a protectionist ought at once to relinquish all claim to the Republican name. If the position of the *Telegraph* be conceded, and Republicanism henceforth means only extreme protection, an enormous surplus, and a distribution of public money, its conclusion is fair. But there are many independent Republicans of '84 and others of '88 who feel with ex-Mayor LOW that their separation from the party may not be final, because the older protective policy and view may be resumed. The *Telegraph* apparently holds the platform of 1888 to be an immutable manifesto, but it is not clear by any means that the Republican Senate may not propose a scheme which will be very different from the Chicago platform. Mr. LOW certainly hopes hereafter to act with the Republican party, and the great multitude of independents of 1884 would undoubtedly support Mr. WARNER MILLER, for instance, for the Governorship of New York in opposition to Governor HILL. They are not Democrats now, as they were not in 1884, or in 1885 when they supported Mr. DAVENPORT. They feel that the political situation is temporary and unsettled, of which there is no more striking proof than the difference in the Republican platforms of '84 and '88 upon the subject of the tariff—a change which has practically suspended for the present the party relations of Republicans like Mr. MEDILL, Mr. LOW, the Rev. Doctors CUYLER and STORRS, with many others.

The same uncertainty is shown by the differing course of sincere civil service reformers. Many of them strenuously oppose the election of Mr. CLEVELAND, and many cannot see such a prospect of reform in Republican success as to justify them in supporting the maintenance of unnecessary and extortionate tariff taxation. In this situation honest men may honestly differ while they anticipate a readjustment of party relations, and in the mean time they will not be much troubled by the name that they may or may not bear, nor by any impeachment of their motives or accusations of inconsistency. The purpose for which the Republican party was organized has been accomplished, and it is trying to adjust itself to other purposes and policies. When it is evident that it is really nothing but an association to maintain an extravagant tariff, and that principle in politics is really regarded as a supersensitive conscientiousness, no Republican like those whom we have mentioned will expect to act with it again. The question which the election of this year submits to the country is not a question of protection and free-trade, but of the degree of protection. One platform declares distinctly that, rather than diminish the surplus by moderating the tariff, the national tax on whiskey should be repealed. The other platform proposes to cheapen the necessaries of life, to stimulate industry, and to extend trade by freeing the raw materials of manufacture. It assumes that the prosperity of the country is not due to high taxes in the form of an immoderate tariff, but to the superior skill, enterprise, thrift, and energy of the people. By freeing lumber it cheapens houses for the farmers. By freeing salt it supplies cheaply a universal necessity, and disturbs a grasping monopoly. By freeing wool it cheapens clothes for everybody. Six hundred million pounds of wool are required to make our clothes in this country, and we do not raise half that quantity. More than $44,000,000 worth of woollen goods are imported annually, at an average duty of 58 per cent. Free import of wool would permit the manufacture of these goods in this country so cheaply that the import would cease. The demand for labor would increase enormously, with consequent increase of wages and extension of trade, with cheaper clothing and carpets.

The advantage of the foreign woollen manufacturer over the American was clearly and strongly stated three years ago by the National Association of Wool Manufacturers to be due to the fact that the foreigner obtained his raw material free, and the Association decried the high duty as one of the great difficulties with which the American manufacturer has to contend, and declared that in order to compete successfully in the markets of the world he must be able to select part of his raw material from the world's supply. Mr. ARTHUR T. LYMAN, a Republican woollen manufacturer, publicly states that, in his opinion, the Republican protectionists members of Congress from New England have practically done more harm to the protected industries of Massachusetts than the Democratic members of the Committee of Ways and Means. Free raw material, he says, has been considered in New England as an element in protection almost as essential as the duty on the manufactured article. As a protectionist and a Republican from the beginning, he greatly regrets that the party has taken a position which he considers hostile in its practical effects to the protected industries of Massachusetts. Woollen manufacturers and protectionists cannot be supposed to be free-traders. Mr. LYMAN, like Mr. LOW, may be denounced as a supersensitively conscientious Sunday-school politician, and a traitor to the Republican party. But such childish spleen will be of no avail. As practical business men they understand the question quite as well as politicians in or out of Congress, and they are not alarmed by a cry that a tariff of 47 per cent. is protection and a tariff of 40 per cent. free-trade. The willingness of such men publicly to repudiate the platform of the party is very significant of the large and intelligent body of citizens who, like them, moderate protectionists and Republican by tradition, do not propose to be dragged into the support of a policy which they hold to be injurious to the public welfare merely because it is called Republican. They hold, as Republicans, to a moderate and not to an immoderate tariff, and they believe that that is the question which the country is now called to decide.

THE EXTRA SESSION IN NEW YORK.

THE recent brief extra session of the New York Legislature, the messages of the Democratic Governor, and the action of the Republican majority, are a very pretty illustration of what is called politics. It was not statesmanship on either side. It was not well-considered action upon sound principles for the public benefit. It was a simple contest of wits to secure votes, and it was a contest in which the Governor was worsted. He recommended proper provision for prison labor, apparently supposing that the Legislature would continue the State account system. He suggested a relaxation of the conspiracy laws to propitiate what is unjustly called the labor vote, for the great body of American citizens, not a few associations, constitute the labor vote. He proposed a reorganization of the Aqueduct Commission in view of the revelations of monstrous abuse made by the investigating committee, and he also recommended legislation in regard to the census and to a Constitutional Convention. In all these recommendations it is impossible not to suppose that the Governor had an eye single to his own political prospects. But the action taken by the Legislature deprived him of the advantages upon which he probably counted. That action, however, was not worthy of a body of intelligent legislators, and if, as is stated, Mr. WARNER MILLER advised them not to change the whole prison labor system without deliberate consideration, he shares with the Republican Mr. CROSBY and the Democratic Mr. CHURCH the credit of greater wisdom than that of the party leaders of the Legislature.

If the extreme importance of a wise prison system required any further demonstration whatever, it was furnished during the brief extra session by the debates of the National Prison Reform Association in Boston, to which we refer elsewhere. That was a meeting of students and experts in the science of prison management, whose object was the public benefit in the care and employment of criminals, and not votes for party candidates. The Legislature, however, pushes through without debate, and with the expressed contempt of many who voted for it, a bill intended to satisfy those who insist that prison labor shall not be allowed to compete with outside labor. The bill prohibits machinery and contract labor in the prisons, requires the manufacture only of articles used in public institutions, and forbids the purchase of any such articles unless they cannot be supplied when needed. The price of such articles to the institutions is to be determined by an *ex officio* board, and the sum of $250,000 is appropriated to buy the necessary material for such manufactures. This hasty action reverses without thought the present policy of the State, and does not provide for the sale of the machinery, which has cost the State nearly half a million of dollars. It makes no provision for contracts already concluded for prison manufactures. It devolves the expense of the prisons in great part upon the tax-payers, and leaves the convicts largely in idleness. The Republicans, who are responsible for the bill, might have heeded the suggestion of General HARRISON, made while the Legislature was hurrying the bill through, that the management of charitable and, presumptively, penal institutions should be sacred from politics.

Unfortunately the question of prisons is generally treated from the party point of view. The object is not to ascertain and adopt the best prison system, but to win votes for the party. That is one of the dangerous abuses and perversions of government by party. The theory of party government contemplates organization to promote measures for the public advantage. The practice is very apt to subordinate the public advantage to ignorant and selfish demands, in order to strengthen the party. Undoubtedly the Republican action in this instance is quite as good as the Democratic action would have been. But in both cases the object was the same. There was on both sides a disregard of the public interest in the endeavor to secure votes. The repeal of the Aqueduct Commission Bill, of which Mr. HAMILTON FISH, Jun., has frankly told the nefarious story, was a most commendable act. The evidence before the committee of investigation has already revealed the corrupt jobbery which was anticipated if the work should fall into the hands of mere politicians, as it did. The new organization, consisting of the Mayor, Comptroller, the Commissioner of Public Works, and four citizens, two from each party, to be appointed by the Mayor, promises as good a body for the purpose as could be expected. The Governor promptly signed the bill as providing what he had recommended, and which, because he recommended it, his friends supported. He has plainly lost the game. The prison labor system has been hastily overthrown without a proper substitute, the obnoxious Aqueduct Commission Bill has been repealed, and the Governor has been exposed at the moment when the Anarchist plot appears again at Chicago as practically recommending that conspiracy be made easier. New York is a great State. Its Governorship is a great office, and no very small man can be placed in it for three years without revealing his size.

THE CONFIRMATION OF THE CHIEF-JUSTICE.

MR. FULLER was confirmed as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by a vote of forty-one to twenty. There were ten Republican Senators who voted for him, including both Senators from Illinois and both from Maine. Senator EDMUNDS was his chief opponent, and according to the report of his speech in the secret session, the ground of his opposition was that Mr. FULLER is a Democrat, and no Democrat, if loyal to his party, can possibly interpret the Constitution "in the light that has been thrown upon it by loyal men for the last quarter of a century." If this statement be an accurate account of Mr. EDMUNDS's view, it would follow that he regards the Democratic party not as a legitimate opposition, but as a revolutionary faction. The events of the last twenty-five years are generally held to have settled the fundamental principles of the Constitution as a bond of national union, and to have been accepted as such a settlement by the Democratic party. By common consent the war finally adjusted certain differences of view so radical and vital that no other decision than that of war was possible, and incorporated the adjustment in the Constitution. If Senator EDMUNDS has shown that the general understanding is incorrect, that the differences still exist, and that they may again involve the country in an armed conflict, it is certainly most desirable that his demonstration of so unsuspected a situation should not be lost in a secret session.

The circumstances of the confirmation of the Chief-Justice show once more, and in the most signal manner, the folly of the secret session. The President nominated for the most important office in his gift a gentleman not generally known to the country. The immediate and unanimous testimony from the State and city in which he lived, however, was in the highest degree favorable. But party spirit, on the eve of a Presidential election, sought every means to discredit him. His whole personal, professional, and political career was searched with electric lights. Months were devoted to the scrutiny, but even party spirit could find nothing substantial enough on which to base a rejection of the nomination, and it was grudgingly reported to the Senate without a recommendation. The character of the office is such that for every reason there should be no concealment whatever of any kind of qualification. If public men of high character and great experience hold that the candidate is unfitted for the place, the reasons of such an opinion are of the utmost public importance. No man should desire or should be allowed to influence so important a decision by a secret whisper. If he have any good reason to urge, it should be stated to the country, not to a secret conclave. This feeling is so general and so profound that upon all really important action of the kind both the arguments and the votes of the secret session are instantly made public. But they are not officially reported. They are not authentic, and are merely the verbal reports of Senators or their employés, or of concealed reporters.

This has now become the general practice. The action of the executive session is more or less incorrectly reported, while it is evident that upon the most essential questions the greatest accuracy of information would be of the greatest public advantage. What are the reasons for holding that a Democrat cannot possibly be loyal to his party, which is Mr. Edmunds's reported assertion, if he interprets the Constitution as loyal men have interpreted it for a quarter of a century? In other words, upon what grounds does the Senator allege the party of administration to be composed of disloyal citizens? Perhaps he did not say so. But that is what a friendly report represents him to have said, and the country has a right to know why one of the most eminent of Senators holds that the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, if loyal to his party, is disloyal to the Constitution. This knowledge, however, is withheld by the absurd practice of a secret session.

THE TREATY POWER.

Senator Chandler's resolution that the President had no right to commission Mr. Angell and Mr. Putnam to negotiate a fisheries treaty with Great Britain evidently disregards one of the most familiar provisions of the Constitution, which, in defining the authority of the President, says, "He shall have power by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." The power is as clear as that of nominating ambassadors and other public ministers and consuls. If the Senate should disapprove of a treaty which the President may make, it may refuse to ratify it. But the assumption that the Executive must receive from the Senate permission to negotiate a treaty is untenable. The "courtesy of the Senate," which has sought to paralyze the constitutional power of nomination to office, may attempt to grasp the initiative of treaty negotiation, but it will hardly succeed. The President has usually, under the Constitution, taken the first step in such negotiation, and he will doubtless continue to do so. His method of proceeding in the matter is not restricted, and we observe the statement that of 483 commissions issued for negotiations with foreign powers, 438 have been issued without action of the Senate.

The assumption that the question of the fisheries is beyond treaty negotiation clearly disregards history. It has been especially a subject of negotiation. The whole fisheries debate turns largely upon the treaty of 1818. The four purposes for which alone our fishing vessels can enter Canadian ports were defined by that treaty. The objection urged against it is not that it was a treaty upon a subject not adjustable by a treaty, but that the Convention was unfair. Our most distinguished Secretaries of State, John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Webster, Marcy, Seward, Fish, Evarts, have all engaged in negotiations upon the subject. Upon any question of difference with another government, whenever the President shall have negotiated a treaty and submitted it to the Senate, the Senate may ratify, or reject, or refuse to take action. But how does it propose to coerce the Executive in the exercise of his constitutional power? How can it prevent the President, who has constitutional power to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur, from negotiating a treaty to submit for their approval? The Senate may express its view of constitutional authority, and the House can impeach the President. But the Senate has no power to enforce its view of the Executive prerogative, as it discovered when it demanded certain documents concerning nominations, which the Executive declined to furnish.

The *Epoch* points out the ineffectiveness of Mr. Hoar's position that the rule for fishing vessels, whatever it is, must apply to both parties, and that if our fishing vessels with their cargoes can only enter Canadian ports for the four purposes mentioned in the treaty of 1818, then Canadian vessels shall enter ours only for the same purposes. The trouble is that Canadian fishing vessels do not need to enter our ports for those purposes, because the fisheries are upon their coasts, and not largely upon ours. What we want is access to the fishing-grounds under all the advantages enjoyed by Canadians, and for that privilege we must pay in some manner. Here, if ever, is a subject for negotiation, which is merely the consideration of a reasonable concession for the enjoyment of a privilege. This is what Mr. Angell and Mr. Putnam aimed at in assenting to the treaty. It is apparently the intention of the Senate to reject it. But it cannot reject the Executive power of negotiation, and until very foolish counsels prevail in the government, whatever the fate of this treaty, a settlement of the question will still be peaceably sought—that is to say, sought by negotiation.

THE COMMITTEE UPON IMMIGRATION.

The duty of the Congressional Committee upon Immigration, of which Mr. Ford is chairman, is of the utmost importance. It is high time that the extent, the character, and the effect of the immense flood of aliens which is constantly pouring into this country were generally known, and the committee, as we understand, proposes not only to ascertain the facts at the great ports of entry, but to make inquiries of our consuls at the chief shipping ports in Europe, so that the whole subject may be exposed. Immigration is no longer what may be called a natural movement. It is a trade artificially stimulated. Agencies are established to sweep out of Europe and into America the most undesirable part of the foreign populations.

This is done largely by those who have no interest in this country except that of money-making. The whole immigration is not a voluntary movement. It is in great part a speculation at the vital expense of this country. The statistics of crime, disorder, and ignorance are very significant, and the most serious menaces of fundamental social stability proceed from those who are in no sense American, who comprehend neither our language, our government, nor the spirit of our institutions. It is not distinctively the intelligence, the industry, the thrift, the virtue of older countries which stream to our shores, but rather the refuse, the dregs, the shiftless, ignorant, dangerous elements of population, against which the natural right of self-preservation instinctively asserts itself.

The United States welcome heartily those who are attracted by the generous opportunities of the country, and who bring with them character, ability, and loyalty to our institutions. They do not welcome those whose coming is a peril to everything that makes America free, prosperous, and happy. The great heritage of liberty, of an intelligent, self-governing community, which we have received, we must maintain. That our ancestors were immigrants is undeniable. But they brought the qualities which have developed the country into what we see. Men of like purposes and qualities are always welcome. But we ought to take every reasonable means to secure the perpetuity of this country not as the receptacle of all the vicious, ignorant, degraded, and anarchical elements of the European world, but as the home of enlightened and orderly citizenship, which is the sole guarantee of the permanence of American liberty, and of the welfare of the individual American. If Mr. Ford's committee shall aid in the solution of this problem it will render a very great public service.

EXPERTS UPON PRISON LABOR.

We speak elsewhere of the prison-labor legislation of the extra session in New York. While the hasty overthrow of the present system in the State was accomplished at Albany, Mr. Felton, Superintendent of the Chicago House of Correction, was discussing in Boston, at the Conference of the National Prison Reform Association, the subject of convict labor with the intelligence of an expert and an authority. He said that if hostile legislation to prison labor continues, every prisoner in the country will soon be idle. The power of labor agitators and politicians he held to be great, and public officers, whether elected or appointed, are disposed to seek their favor, and even labor bureaus are inclined to fawn upon them.

Nevertheless, Mr. Felton is of opinion that labor must be a chief influence in the reformation of prisoners; and Mr. Brockway, of the New York State Reformatory at Elmira, said that in no country is convict labor more than a small part of one per cent. of free labor, and in this country one-fifth of one per cent. represents the value of the competition of prison products. Inevitably, if prisoners are to work at all, the product of their labor will compete with that of all other labor. The Yates bill, passed by the New York Legislature, establishes competition with all labor which produces articles used in public institutions. The board to determine the price to be charged for prison products must be governed by the ruling price in the market. The bill is an attempt to propitiate a supposed vote, not a measure to benefit the prisoners or the public.

Mr. Brockway proposed that after the election in the autumn a conference should be called, representing all the States if possible, to consider the prison-labor question, and to aid the organization of such labor by means of legislation. For this purpose he suggested that the executive committee of the National Prison Reform Association should confer with the Governors of the States. This resolution was adopted unanimously, and also a resolution offered by Professor Wayland, of New Haven, in these words:

"That, in the judgment of this association, productive prison labor is an indispensable factor in the work of prison reform, and that any scheme that has a tendency, direct or indirect, to permit or promote the idleness or unproductive labor of prisoners will inflict irreparable injury upon the prisoner, the working-man, and the State."

Such a conference will enable legislators in every State to know what system of labor, in the judgment of those best qualified to judge, the interest of prisoners requires, and that interest is also the interest of the public.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE UPON THE REFORM REPORT.

The President's message transmitting to Congress the fourth report of the Civil Service Commission is mainly devoted to a summary of statistics and a statement of changes in the rules and extension of the range of the reform. He mentions the correction of ingenious abuses to outwit the law, such as appointments to unclassified places as laborers, watchmen, and messengers, and the immediate detail of such persons to clerical work. Such palpable evasion of the purpose of the law should have been emphatically rebuked by the Executive. The rules have been strengthened by an express prohibition of such transfers hereafter.

The message treats chiefly of the operation of the reform law, which applies to about fifteen thousand places, none of which are within the appointment of the President. He is brought into connection with the classified service only through the superior officers whom he nominates. The only way in which the President can secure an honest enforcement of the law is by nominating superior officers who are sincere friends of reform, like Postmaster Pearson. The chief disappointment with the course of the Administration has lain not in its neglect of the letter of the law, but in its large disregard of its spirit. This has been observed with regret in every part of the country.

The course of the Administration has shown that, even with strong Executive convictions, neither consistency nor completeness of action upon the subject is to be expected until the reform is a cardinal issue in the election. The Democratic House has refused a proper and adequate support to the Commission, as a Republican Congress cut down the small appropriation asked by a Republican President. Happily "the firm, practical, and sensible foundation upon which this reform now rests" is an intelligent and rapidly extending public opinion, and to that the politicians will be compelled to conform.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James R. Osgood has lately been elected to membership in the London Reform Club, a distinction that hitherto has been accorded to but three or four Americans at most. It is an honor which has been much sought after. Many Americans have enjoyed the hospitality of the Reform Club, some for the period of a month, and some even for a year. Both of these compliments were paid to Mr. Osgood before by vote of the club he was invited into full membership. Henry James is one of the Americans similarly honored, and George H. Boughton another.

—Addison Cammack, Wall Street's famous bear operator, began life as an office boy in New Orleans at three dollars a week.

—President Cleveland's love of rod and reel is known of all men, and now campaign biographers bring out the fact that General Harrison is president of an Indiana fishing club.

—Twenty-four young women have graduated as lawyers in Michigan this summer.

—It is promised that Anna Dickinson will be heard from on the stump during the present political campaign.

—Governor Alger, of Michigan, whose name was lately so conspicuous in political circles, studied law while working on a farm at five dollars a week.

—Bismarck's doctor has just ordered him upon a diet far more frugal than that mortal great man enjoys. The doctor told the statesman that he must obey or die, whereat the prince remarked, "I'll try obeying for a little while anyway."

—Wells County, Indiana, has the "Mrs. Carrie Harrison Campaign League."

—When brilliant Emory Storrs died in Chicago three or four years ago he left his wife penniless. Now she dies, and her estate is valued at over $50,000, which would seem to show that the men have not just yet got a corner on business ability.

—Just before the Emperor Frederick died a coinage of gold was begun at Germany's royal mint, but only a small number of coins was struck off before the king died, when the coinage stopped. The coins bring fancy prices.

—Carl Schurz calls his trip to Europe a vacation. He has been working hard every day. He is a familiar figure in German libraries, where it is said he has come upon material bearing on the history of the Rebellion.

—The Pope has received thirty thousand pairs of slippers as gifts from the faithful during the past two years.

—The money that Mr. Gladstone received for his recent notable theological papers he has given to a poor church near London.

—It was the Rev. James Freeman, grandfather of James Freeman Clarke, who, as pastor of the historic King's Chapel in Boston, remodelled his church's liturgy by striking "obey" out of the marriage service. It has never been used in the church since, Dr. Clarke following his eminent grandfather's example closely.

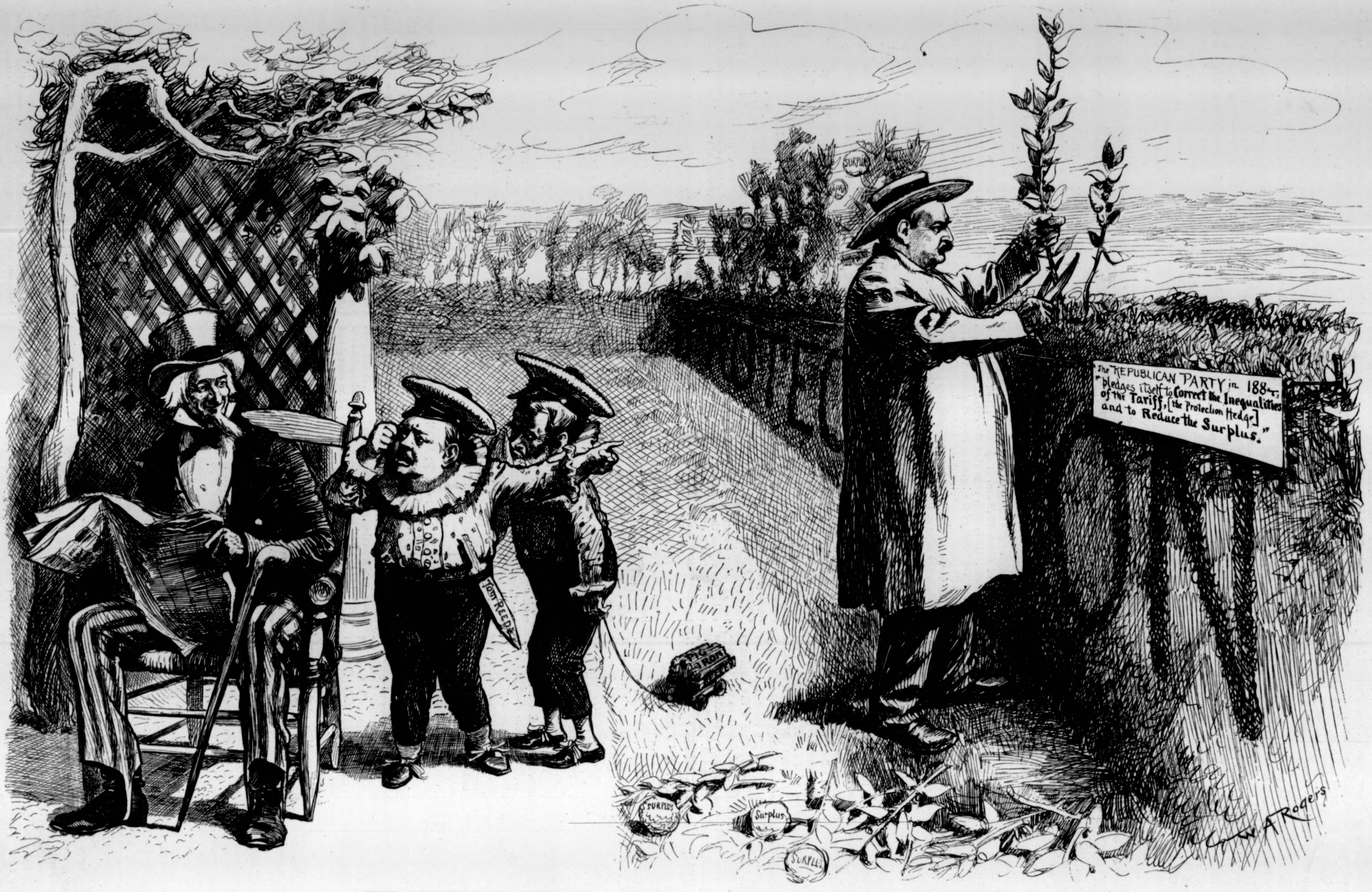
—The family reunion idea has had a boom in the last few years. Twoscore of the descendants of Rebecca Nourse, the pious witch of 1692, picnicked in her honor at Danvers, Massachusetts, a week ago.

—While Wall Street is worrying over the prospects of Jay Gould's dying, that interesting magnate luxuriates at his country home on the Hudson, spending several hours each day in personally supervising the culture of a hundred varieties of roses that he lately imported.

—Antiquity is getting another inning in London. A sixteenth-century shield, all broken and battered, sold for 430 guineas the other day, and another small piece of armor a hundred years older brought 620 guineas at the public sale of Lord Londesborough's collection.

—A bright red waistcoat with conspicuous white spots is one of the recent fads of attire affected by the Prince of Wales.

—One of the touching stories that have got into print apropos of General Sheridan's sickness relates that an old woman down in Virginia goes into her garden at sunset every night, and turning her face northward, prays for the brave Yankee soldier's recovery. That old woman had a son in the war times who wore the Confederate gray, and to whom, dying from battle wounds, Phil Sheridan ministered tenderly, taking care that the rebel boy's last messages should be faithfully carried to this mother, whose remembrance is now so beautifully shown.


The REPUBLICAN PARTY in 1884, "pledges itself to Correct the Inequalities of the Tariff, [the Protection Hedge] and to Reduce the Surplus."
TOM REED
PIG IRON
SURPLUS
Surplus
SURPLUS
W. A. Rogers

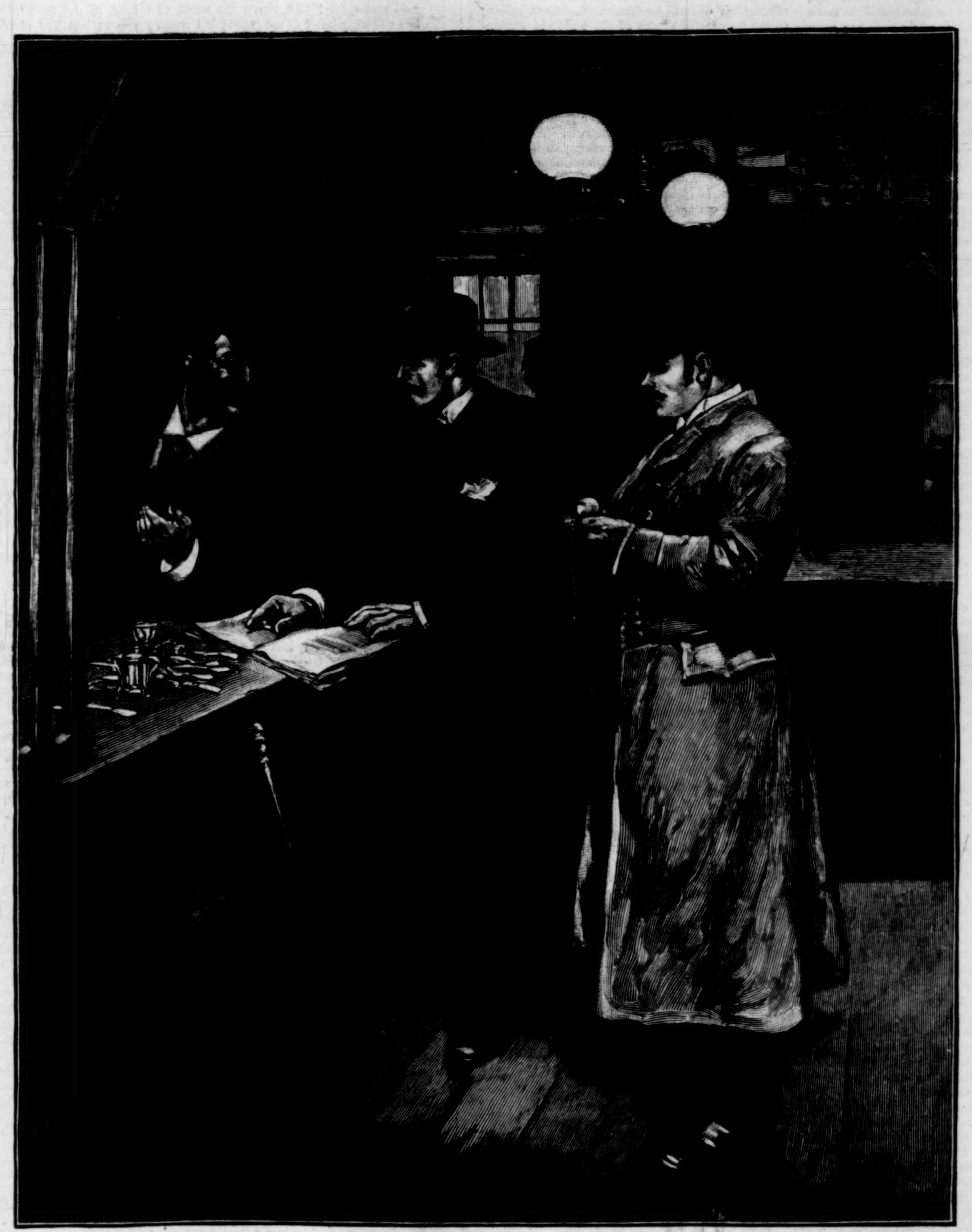
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRIMMING A HEDGE AND CUTTING IT DOWN.

Uncle Sam. "Now don't come around tellin' me that old story about cuttin' down the hedge and bein' eat up by the free-trade b'ars."

DETECTIVES RECOVERING STOLEN GOODS.

Though detectives are specially trained for their duties, they sometimes feel themselves a somewhat aggrieved class, and lay the blame on romance writers. Detectives can get to the bottom of a great many things. The public too often want them to accomplish the impossible. The capability of a detective to find a needle in a hay-stack is in no way better than that of any ordinary person. But what detectives in a large city do have is an acquaintance with the criminal classes. Through long habit they have retentive memories, and it is their business not to forget. Writers of detective stories indulge a great deal in the disguise business, and if they are to be credited, the transgressors, with those who are on their track, adopt an infinite variety of costumes. This protean shape may be sometimes assumed by the detective, but not often by the thief or burglar. A member of the criminal class once "spotted" must be very clever, even when well disguised, to outwit those who are bent on finding him. There may be occasional rascals who, assuming certain rôles as far as dressing the part, can act them, adapting their speech to the character; but such personages, fortunately for society, are rare. Generally a man "gives himself away" when he opens his mouth, for his speech differs from his dress. The two do not match.

Mr. Bodfish shows detectives in a pawnbroker's shop. The man who advances money at high rates of interest must keep books. If not a fence himself, he should be careful to question those who bring him goods to pawn as to their rights in the property pledged. Usually the pawnbroker is a careful and distrustful man, and though he may have taken the usual precautions, he too has called on his memory, and in his head has retained at least the appearance of those who "spouted" a certain lot of silver-ware—spoons, forks, a salt-cellar, a mustard-pot. He may, if he pleases, tell the detectives that he has entirely forgotten the circumstances attending the pledging of this lot, but the detectives will not believe him. If he insists on pleading a poor memory, he will be rightly held in suspicion, and to be under police surveillance would be detrimental to his business. The detectives have a right to be inquisitorial. There has been a burglary, and a lot of silver has been made away with. The detectives examine this lot, for they know the marks, or the initials, which had been engraved on the silver. If these marks have been obliterated the detectives will have a perfect right to say to the pawnbroker, "This business of yours has a crooked look, and it will be our duty to report you at headquarters." The man of the pawn-shop when under the screws sometimes finds that his memory is suddenly refreshed, and he gives a minute description of the person who pledged the silverware. This, however, does not always lead to a clew, because thieves are clever enough to employ a third party to transact their nefarious business. Silver stolen in a large city rarely returns to its rightful owner, for the melting-pot stands in the way. In Russia some years ago a large amount of silver was stolen from an imperial palace. The silver was not only of value for its weight of metal, but was plate of the time of Catherine. The police followed the plunder closely, but were not quite so fast as they should have been. As it was, the silver, converted into the chloride of silver, escaped their notice, for the Russian detective could not understand how a mortar-like looking substance, without metallic appearance, was silver. During our war with Mexico the Mexicans are said to have saved a great deal of silver by means of this chemical change. As Mr. Bodfish has made the incident, the silver has beyond a doubt been stolen. The marks are there, the description of the party who pledged it follows closely the ideas of the detectives, and the property will be restored to its owner. This may happen sometimes, but, as has been explained, it is an exceptional occurrence. The Detective Bureau of the New York Police Department consists of forty detective sergeants acting under the orders of an Inspector. Ward detectives serving under the captains of their precincts are not included in the special branch of the force.



DETECTIVES RECOVERING STOLEN GOODS.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.

THE LOBBYIST.

It was not Sir Robert Walpole who first purchased legislation in England. The House of Commons owes at least the early beginning of its power over the throne to bribery and corruption. Representation was given to boroughs in the thirteenth century to pay for supplies, just as monopolies were sold in the sixteenth century. It was Walpole who first bought seats and men by the wholesale, and with the money of the realm. The business of securing laws from parliamentary bodies is as old as the representative system. Sometimes the legislation is purchased by favors or by money; sometimes it is compelled by intimidation. Now it is George III. who sends to Lord North £6000 with which to buy a majority; now the silk-weavers of Spitalfields march in a body to the Commons House and frighten the members into granting their demands. And during all the time there have been agents—go-betweens, middle-men, parliamentary lawyers, lobbyists—whose profession has been to procure the enactment of laws which their principals desired, and which may or may not have been for the general weal. The essential thing—sometimes an evil, sometimes not—has always existed; but methods have changed, and the modern legislator is not so easily bribed as his predecessor was.

The term lobbyist is applied altogether too broadly in this country. The Washington lobby is made to include every person who seeks to secure the passage of bills that are supposed to be helpful to private business. The relation of our government to the business of individuals is very intimate. It is the creditor of some of the largest railroad corporations in the country. It has a supervision of all the banks that issue currency. It undertakes to dispense benefits to nearly every manufacturing establishment in the land. It has recently assumed the task of regulating all the freight charges of railroads that carry on an inter-State transportation business. It is natural, therefore, that all who are interested in these matters should desire to be kept informed as to the intentions and temper of Congress toward the affairs in which their prosperity is involved, and to do all in their power to direct legislation for their own advantage. Some of the efforts that are made for helping private projects are virtuous, and a few of the agents whose calling it is to influence members of Congress are men of good character. They are unjustly classed with a horde of corrupt and degraded creatures as lobbyists, so that their reputation is generally very much beneath their deserts. M. Renouard has given us a picture of a type of lobbyist whose reputation cannot be damaged. He and his class recall Thackeray's description of the prince of bribe-givers: "In private life the old pagan revelled in the lowest pleasures; he passed his Sundays tippling at Richmond, and his holidays bawling after dogs, or boozing at Houghton with boors over beef and punch." It is true also that this fellow, whose kind is numerous at Washington, like Walpole, judges human nature meanly; but we are not obliged to own of him, as Thackeray confessed of the master, that he is right, and that men can be corrupted by means so base. In this respect at least times have changed, and the Congressmen of whom careful and well-informed men will say that they may be bought with money can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Not long ago two men, one of whom is a member of the House of Representatives, while the other had been a Washington correspondent for several years, undertook to count the members of whom they would be willing to assert with certainty that they accepted bribes. Each counted two, and the same two. There were probably others in the body who were corrupt, but these two were the only men about whom there could be no doubt. Surely it is not a flagrantly corrupt body of which this is true.

Those who follow the calling of influencing legislation are generally men who live by their wits. Those who go to Washington occasionally for the purpose of preventing or urging the passage of a bill which touches their own or their clients' interests ought not to be called lobbyists. There are no parliamentary lawyers in the United States, as there are in England, although there is quite as much need of them here as there. There are at each session of Congress hearings before every committee which has jurisdiction over trade and money and their cognate subjects. Merchants, railroad officers, and bankers are obliged to appear annually before committees to prevent damaging legislation or to urge the making of beneficent laws. They are often represented by counsel. Many of the largest corporations in the country maintain agents constantly at the capital. Some of these are resident lawyers of excellent standing personally and professionally. These agents make it their business to watch the progress of the measures in which they are interested, and to create a favorable opinion concerning them among Congressmen. It is perfectly proper to talk privately to a member of Congress concerning a pending bill, for a legislator is not like a judge, who is under obligations to make up his mind on sworn evidence, and the general knowledge of which the courts are bound to take judicial notice. The Congressman must learn his facts as he can, and from those in whom he has confidence. The evil of the habit of listening to the tale of every one who may happen along is that the agent will be tempted to take advantage of his opportunity, and to exaggerate and misrepresent. But this is one of the evils incident to the attempt of three hundred and twenty-five gentlemen in Washington to supervise the private business of a continent. The temptation, however, to impose upon Congressmen who give signs of a willingness to confide in a plausible attorney is so great as to be almost irresistible, and the people who live in Washington as agents in legislation are not over-nice in the methods that they employ for accomplishing their purposes.

Lobbyists are chiefly of the shifty, cunning, cute species of the human race. They are the possessors of what are known as diplomatic talents, which are of as diverse quality as any intellectual commodity that man owns, and which are valuable in proportion to the importance of the ends which they enable an ambassador to gain, and to the consideration which he is obliged to pay. Some agents conduct their missions without any expense to their principals beyond their own generous charges, and such men are generally the most successful lobbyists. One of the shrewdest of all the lobbyists who ever plied their trade in Washington adopted Machiavelli's advice to his prince, that piety was the most important quality "for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more by their eyes than by their other senses." This sleek and well-favored person represented some of the most corrupt schemes that came before Congress in the Executive departments. He was the agent of rascals who sought contracts which would enable them to sell bad food to the Indians at high prices; he helped his clients to post traderships, and he pressed Congress for the payment of unjust claims. This man lived quietly at what is known as a "private boarding-house," and was a notorious church-goer. Congressmen, who, quite as much as princes, are in the habit of judging by their eyes, accepted his stories as the truth, and the lobbyist flourished. He gained his ends, and he gained them at a comparatively small expense. Another well-known lobbyist works under the pretence of being a reformer. He spends many days in Congress when a particular measure is before the committee, or is under consideration by the House or the Senate. He has established a reputation as a reformer by writing for the newspapers, and by an earnestness of manner and the appearance of a sincerity which is akin to piety. Congressmen of excellent intentions, but judging by their eyes, have adopted this man's recommendations more than once, and the result in every case has been of great advantage to his employers. Once, by the efforts of an apparently disinterested person, the duties on silks were so arranged that the foreign manufacturers, by running threads of cotton into the selvage of their finer goods, made them dutiable as inferior goods of certain proportions of silk and cotton.

It is certainly the part of wisdom for those who intend to employ agents to procure legislation to select persons who may have relations with the leaders in Congress. The cheap and flashy chap of the picture cannot carry through great undertakings. He has had his uses, but they were very far from consisting in the conduct of important negotiations. The lobbyist who accomplishes greatness must move in the same society that is frequented by those whose votes and influence are necessary to his employers. The claims involving hundreds of thousands of dollars have been urged through Congress by men of great ability. Some of these men are never known as lobbyists. They rarely go to the Capitol. One of the most important railroads in the country, having intimate business relations with the government, has always maintained an agent in Washington. Until recently that agent was a suave old gentleman with white hair and immaculate shirt bosom. When he went to the Capitol, which was very seldom, he made his way directly to a committee-room, and sent for the Congressman whom he wished to see. A subordinate was in the lobby all the time, but when he and the old gentleman chanced to meet within the building, it was almost as strangers. The old gentleman's negotiations, as a rule, were carried on in his own house, which was in the fashionable quarter of the city. He and his family were conspicuous members of fashionable society, and his dinners were noted. If it ever became necessary during the many years of this man's career to offer or pay a bribe to a Senator or Representative, the work of corruption was deftly and judiciously performed. But the reputation of being a lobbyist was at last fastened upon him, and his usefulness was crippled. Congressmen grew shy of him, and avoided him. He was forced to retire entirely from the Capitol, and his prey was brought to him by his jackal.

There was a time not many years ago when lobbyists flourished as they have not recently. It was then that Sam Ward testified that he was *Rex Vestibuli*, for Congress was very corrupt when the land was filled with the scandals of the *Crédit Mobilier* and of the Pacific Mail investigation. Ward was a genius and a social lion among men, the prince of dinner givers, and he could have the best at his table. It was comparatively easy to buy men when he flourished, and it is said that he never "talked business" at his table. The "business" was done in private, and the purchased were brought to dinner to meet the leader of their party, who, as likely as not, knew nothing of the enterprise in which Ward was engaged, and was an unconscious instrument of his purpose, for he was on exhibition as a pretended participator in his follower's corruption; the latter's conscience was appeased, or his courage was stimulated, by seeing the universally respected leader at the great lobbyist's dinner-table. But occasionally it happened that it was necessary to maintain the delusion in the House or Senate, and then the adventurers were put to the trumps. There was once a flagrant job about to go through the Senate. Unfortunately for the conspirators, a very prominent and incorruptible Senator knew their plans, and was prepared to defeat them. They were at their wits' end, but finally hit upon a cunning plot to have their bill called up in the absence of the man whom they feared. In order to procure his absence they arranged an elaborate dinner, to which they invited him. They had discovered that the Senator was very fond of a special Burgundy, of which they procured a good supply. The dinner was a success, the Burgundy was in excellent condition, and the Senator enjoyed it thoroughly; but the wine and the prospect of success loosened the tongues of the conspirators, and their talk revealed their purposes to the Senator, who called his carriage, and reached the Capitol in time to defeat their measure. All this could not happen now, because it would be very difficult, probably impossible, for any lobbyist or set of lobbyists to secure such a formidable following in Congress that a corrupt bill might be passed at a thinly attended session of either House.

There are lobbyists who undertake to accomplish their ends through the power of the newspapers. At one time or another nearly every newspaper in the District of Columbia has been accused of complicity in the lobby. Editors and publishers have been notorious advocates of corrupt schemes, and have been daily found among the prowlers about the doors of the Senate Chamber and the hall of the House of Representatives. Two or three correspondents of out-of-town newspapers have been discovered in selling their newspapers to schemers who were seeking the aid of Congress in their proposed robbery of the Treasury. One of these admitted in the Pacific Mail investigation that he had received $25,000 to be distributed among his fellow-correspondents, but confessed that he had retained the whole amount. One of the men who, according to the testimony, was to have received a share, jestingly asked the impudent bribe-taker why he had not paid it to him. The lobbyist's answer was, "A nice pickle you would have been in with your editor if I had!" The newspaper correspondents are very jealous of their reputation, however, and do all in their power to expose these people, and to drive them out of their gallery.

The lobbyists who have a real or pretended connection with the press, and who undertake to effect their objects by blackmail, do not belong to the successful plyers of the traffic in legislators. They are of the notorious class, the people, men and women, who are pointed out to strangers, and who are designated truthfully as lobbyists. The real business of engineering legislation is intrusted to the shrewd business men who keep their counsel, and who have gained the confidence of the leaders in Congress. As a rule, the man who procures the passage of a law for the benefit of his client is a comparative stranger to Washington, and a lawyer with whom legislative work is incidental. He goes to Washington in the course of his employment, and he is listened to as one having something of value to communicate on the subject which is before Congress.

But what can such a man as he of the picture accomplish? Nothing. He is a reminiscence, or survival, of the older and corrupter days of the capital. There was a time when he had vendable influence. It was when corruption ruled, and public men dared to sell themselves. This blithe and vulgar boozer, or his kind, bought up the cheap men in those days, but now their glory is faded. They still exist, and sometimes they find employment. They are like gamblers, whom they resemble in other ways. It is only accident that has made them lobbyists. They might have been stool-pigeons, or croupiers, faro dealers, confidence men. They might have been engaged in any lawless enterprise that does not require courage. Their victims are often innocent and meritorious claimants; they are never employed by those who are engaged in important assaults upon the Treasury, unless it is to do some special bit of work of an exceptionally discreditable nature, usually involving blackmail. There are men and women who make up this class. They live from hand to mouth on what they can pick up from the ignorant and the unwary. Sometimes they are decked out in all the glory of fashion, and again they are unkempt, threadbare, down at the heel, furtively escaping the very urgent demands of their boarding-house keeper.

Some of them came to Washington as seekers after clerkships or other small places under the government. A small piece of business before Congress or one of the departments, successfully attended to for a friend, has been enough to turn a disappointed applicant for place into a professional lobbyist. How many of these wretched creatures there are about Washington no one can tell who has not watched them in their downward path year after year. With scarcely an exception they are drunken and worthless. The few dollars that come to them hardly keep body and soul together. Their revels are paid for by those whom they hope to bleed, or by convivial Congressmen who love whiskey better than their reputations, and who are delighted probably with the adulation of the poor creatures, whose sole stock in trade is the acquaintance of public men and their cup-inspired affability. For it is only when he is in his cups that any self-respecting member of Congress will consent to be seen in companionship with an ordinary lobbyist. The jovial fellow whom M. Renouard has given us is not now "down on his luck." He has probably found some rich and inexperienced suitor to Congress, who has come to Washington to procure legislation, with the traditions of the old lobby in his mind. The rogue has got a fee and a fund for entertainment, and he has been paying back scores to such of his friends in public life who have so far forgotten themselves as to accept his hospitality in the bar-room of a hotel. He is a rascal and a tippler who would not discredit Sir Robert on his boozing Sundays and holidays; but he cannot help his client, neither he nor the woman lobbyist, whom he has doubtless recommended for her "influence over certain well-known members." The women who engage in the work, like the men, have seen their best day. Their power held out somewhat longer than that of the men.

To all sorts of shifts do the creatures resort to wring the undeserved living which they contend the world owes them. But they are growing fewer. The belief that a measure is in charge of one of them is all that is essential to insure its defeat. Even a meritorious bill would be beaten if these lobbyists were known to be in any way connected with it; while a Congressman who habitually associated with them would be presumed to be corrupt. Within the last few years a member of the House of Representatives defeated, on the last vote, a proposition that had before received a large majority in its favor by pointing to the galleries, and declaring that the lobbyists who had engineered the bill were now looking down upon the body anticipating their final triumph. After this there was hardly a vote in its favor. Such a perfect work for righteousness has the exposure of the old lobby wrought.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. Rider Haggard,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHADOW OF RUIN.

Mr. Quest departed to his vestry meeting with a smile upon his thin, gentlemanly-looking face, and with rage and bitterness in his heart.

"I caught her that time," he said to himself; "she can do a good deal in the way of deceit, but she can't keep the blood out of her cheeks when she hears that fellow's name. How she did color up to be sure! But she is a clever woman, Belle is: how well she managed that little business about the luncheon, and how well she fought her case when once she got me in a cleft stick about Edith and that money of hers, and made good terms, too! Ah, that's the worst of it, she has the whip-hand of me there; if I could ruin her, she could ruin me, and it's no use cutting off one's nose to spite your face. But, ah, my fine lady," he went on, with an ominous flash of his gray eyes, "I shall have you yet! Give you enough rope and you will hang yourself. You love this fellow, I know that, and it will go hard if I can't make him break your heart for you. Bah! you don't know the sort of stuff men are made of. If only I did not happen to be in love with you myself I should not care. If— Ah, here I am at the church."

The human animal is a very complicated machine, and can conduct the working of an extraordinary number of different interests and sets of ideas, almost, if not entirely, simultaneously. For instance, Mr. Quest—seated at the right hand of the rector in the vestry-room of the beautiful old Boisingham Church, and engaged in an animated and even warm discussion with the senior curate on the details of fourteenth-century church work, in which he clearly took a lively interest and understood far better than did the curate—would have been exceedingly difficult to identify with the scheming, vindictive creature whom we have just followed up the church path. But, after all, that is the way of human nature, although it may not be the way of those who try to draw it, and who love to paint the villain black as your hat, and the virtuous heroine so radiant that you begin to fancy you hear the whispering of her wings. Few people are altogether good or altogether bad; indeed, it is probable that the vast majority are neither good nor bad—they have not the strength to be either the one or the other. Here and there, however, one does meet with a spirit with sufficient will and originality to press the scale down this way or that, though even then the opposing force, be it good or evil, is constantly striving to bring the balance equal. Even the most wicked men have their redeeming points and their righteous instincts, nor are their thoughts continually fixed upon iniquity. Mr. Quest, for instance, one of the evil geniuses of this history, was, where his plots and passions were not immediately concerned, a man of eminently generous and refined tendencies. Many were the good turns, contradictory as it may seem, that he had done to his poorer neighbors; he had even been known to forego his bills of costs, which is about the highest and rarest exhibition of earthly virtue that can be expected from a lawyer. He was, moreover, eminently a cultured man, a reader of the classics in translations, if not in the originals, a man with a fine taste in fiction and poetry, and a really sound and ripe archæological knowledge, especially where sacred buildings were concerned. All his instincts, moreover, were toward respectability. His most burning ambition was to secure a high position in the county in which he lived, and to be classed among the resident gentry. He hated his lawyer's work, and longed to accumulate sufficient means to be able to give it the good-by and to indulge himself in an existence of luxurious and learned leisure. Such as he was he had made himself, for he was the son of a poor and inferior country dentist, and had begun life with a good education, it is true, which he chiefly owed, however, to his own exertions, but with nothing else. Had his nature been a temperate nature, with a balance of good to its credit to draw upon, instead of a balance of evil, he was a man who might have gone very far indeed, for in addition to his natural ability he had a great power of work. But unfortunately this was not the case, his instincts on the whole were evil instincts, and his passions, whether of hate, or love, or desire, or creed, when they seized him did so with extraordinary violence, rendering him for the time being utterly callous to the rights or feelings of others, provided that he attained his end. In short, had he been born to a good position and large fortune, it is quite possible, providing always that his strong passions had not at some period of his life led him irremediably astray, that he would have lived virtuous and respected, and died in good odor, leaving behind him a happy memory. But fate had placed him in antagonism with the world, and yet had endowed him with a gnawing desire to be of the world, as it appeared most desirable to him; and then, to complete his ruin, fate had thrown him into temptations from which inexperience and the headlong strength of his passions gave him no opportunity to escape. It may at first appear strange that a man so calculating and whose desires seemed to be fixed upon such a material end as the acquirement of wealth which he coveted, by artifice or even fraud, should also nourish in his heart so bitter a hatred and so keen a thirst for revenge upon a woman who had been unfaithful to him as Mr. Quest undoubtedly did toward his beautiful wife. It would have seemed more probable that he would have left heroics alone, and attempted to turn his wife's passion into a means of wealth and self-advancement; and this would no doubt have been so had his wife's estimate of his motives in marrying her been an entirely correct one. She had told her lover, it will be remembered, that her husband had married her for her money—the ten thousand pounds of which he stood so badly in need. Now this was the truth to a certain extent, and a certain extent only. He had wanted the ten thousand pounds; in fact, at the moment money was necessary to him. But—and this his wife had never known or realized—he had been, and still was, also in love with her. Possibly the ten thousand pounds would have proved a sufficient inducement to him without the passion, but the passion was none the less there. Their relations, however, had never been happy ones. She had detested him from the first, and had not spared to say so. No man with any refinement—and whatever he lacked, Mr. Quest had refinement—could bear to be thus continually repulsed by a woman, and so it came to pass that their relations had always been of the most strained nature. Then when she at last had obtained the clew to the secret of his life, under threat of exposure she drove her bargain, of which the terms were complete separation in all but outward form, and virtual freedom of action for herself. This, considering the position, she was perhaps justified in doing, but her husband never forgave her for it. More than that, he determined if by any means it were possible to turn the passion which, although she did not know it, he was perfectly aware she bore toward his business superior, Edward Cossey, to a refined instrument of vengeance against her, with what success it will be one of the purposes of this history to show.

Such were, put as briefly as possible, the outlines of the character and aims of this remarkable and contradictory man, whose history, had he but possessed a sense of honor, might very probably have been painted in very different colors.

Within an hour and a half of leaving his own house, "The Oaks," as it was called, although the trees from which it had been so named had long since vanished from the garden, Mr. Quest was bowling swiftly behind Edward Cossey's powerful bay horse toward the towering gateway of Honham Castle. When he was within three hundred yards he pulled the horse up sharply, for he was a good whip and alone in the dog-cart, and paused to admire the view. "What a beautiful place!" he reflected to himself with enthusiasm, "and how grandly those old towers stand out against the sky! The old Squire has restored them very well, too, there is no doubt about it; I could not have done it better myself. I wonder if that place will ever be mine? Things look black now, but they may come round, and I think I am beginning to see my way." And then he started the horse on again, slowly reflecting on the unpleasant nature of the business before him. Personally he rather liked and respected the old Squire, and he certainly pitied him, though he would no more have dreamed of allowing his liking and pity to interfere with the prosecution of his schemes than an ardent sportsman would dream of not shooting pheasants because he had happened to take a friendly interest in their nurture. He had a certain gentlemanlike distaste to being the bearer of crushing bad news, for Mr. Quest disliked scenes, possibly because he had such an intimate personal acquaintance with them. Whilst he was still wondering how he might best deal with the matter, he passed over the moat and through the ancient gateway which he admired so fervently, and found himself in front of the hall door. Here he pulled up, looking about for somebody to take his horse, when suddenly the Squire himself emerged upon him with a rush, his pen in his hand (for he had been writing letters), and his white hair waving on the breeze.

"Holloa, Quest, is that you?" he shouted, as though his visitor had been fifty yards off instead of five. "I have been looking out for you. Here, William! William!" (crescendo), "William!" (fortissimo), "where on earth is that boy? I expect that idle fellow, George, has been sending him on some of his errands instead of attending to them himself. Whenever he is wanted to take a horse he is nowhere to be found, and then it is 'Please, sir, Mr. George,' that's what he calls him, 'Please, sir, Mr. George sent me up to the Moat Farm or somewhere to see how many eggs the hens laid last week,' or something of that sort. That's a very nice horse you have got there, by-the-way, very nice indeed."

"It is not my horse, Mr. De la Molle," said the lawyer, with a faint smile; "it is Mr. Edward Cossey's."

"Oh, it's Mr. Edward Cossey's, is it?" answered the old gentleman, with a sudden change of voice. "Ah, Mr. Edward Cossey's? Well, it's a very good horse anyhow, and I suppose that Mr. Cossey can afford to buy good horses."

Just then a faint cry of "Coming, sir, coming," was heard, and a long hobbledehoy kind of youth, whose business it was to look after the not extensive castle stables, emerged in a great heat round the corner of the house.

"Now where on earth have you been?" began the Squire, in a stentorian tone.

"If you please, sir, Mr. George—"

"There, what did I tell you?" broke in the Squire. "Have I not told you time after time that you are to mind your own business, and leave 'Mr. George' to mind his? Now take that horse to the stables, and see that it is properly fed."

"Come in, Quest, come in. We have a quarter of an hour before luncheon, and can get our business over," and he led the way into the tapestried and panelled vestibule, where he took up his stand before the empty fireplace.

Mr. Quest followed him, stopping ostensibly to admire a particularly beautiful suit of armor which hung upon the wall, but really to gain another moment for reflection.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.

"A beautiful suit of the early Stuart period, Mr. De la Molle," he said; "I never saw a better."

"Yes, yes; that belonged to old Sir James, the one whom the Roundheads shot."

"What! the Sir James who hid the treasure?"

"Yes. I was telling that story to our new neighbor, Colonel Quaritch, last night—a very nice fellow, by-the-way; you should go and call upon him."

"I wonder what he did with it?" said Mr. Quest.

"Ah, so do I, and so will many another, I dare say; I wish that I could find it, I'm sure. It's wanted badly enough nowadays. But that reminds me, Quest. You will have gathered my difficulty from my note and what George told you. You see, this man Janter has—thanks to that confounded fellow, Major Bolton, and his action about those college lands, thrown up the Moat Farm, and George tells me that there is not another tenant to be had for love or money. In fact, you know what it is—one can't get tenants nowadays; they simply are not to be had. Well, under these circumstances, there is, of course, only one thing to be done that I know of, and that is to take the farm in hand and farm it myself. It is quite impossible to let the place fall out of cultivation, and that is what would happen otherwise; and if I were to lay it down in grass it would cost a considerable sum, and be seven or eight years before I got any return."

The Squire paused and Mr. Quest said nothing.

"Well," he went on, "that being so, the next thing to do is to obtain the necessary cash to pay Janter his valuation and stock the place—about four thousand would do it, or perhaps," he added, with an access of generous confidence, "we had better say five. There are about fifty acres of those low-lying meadows which want to be thoroughly bush-drained; bushes are quite as good as pipes for that stiff land—if they put in the right sort of stuff it don't cost half so much; but still it can't be done for nothing; and then there is a new wagon-shed wanted, and some odds and ends; yes, we had better say five thousand."

Still Mr. Quest made no answer, so once more the Squire went on.

"Well, you see, under these circumstances not being able to lay hands upon the necessary capital from my private resources, of course I have made up my mind to apply to Cossey & Son for the loan. Indeed, considering how long and intimate has been the connection between their house and the De la Molle family, I think it right and proper to do so; indeed, I should consider it very wrong of me if I neglected to give them the opportunity of the investment"—here a faint smile flickered for an instant on Mr. Quest's face and then went out—"of course they will, as a matter of business, require security, and very properly so, but as this estate is unentailed, there will fortunately be little difficulty about that. You can draw up the necessary deeds, and I think that under the circumstances the right thing to do would be to charge the Moat Farm specifically with the amount. Things are bad enough, no doubt, but I can hardly suppose it possible under any conceivable circumstances that the farm would not be good for five thousand pounds. However, they might possibly prefer to have a general clause as well, and if that is so, although I consider it quite unnecessary, I shall raise no objection to that course."

Then at last Mr. Quest broke his somewhat ominous silence.

"I am very sorry to say, Mr. De la Molle," he said, gently, "that I can hold out no prospect of Cossey & Son being induced, under any circumstances, to advance another pound upon the security of the Honham Castle estates. Their opinion of the value of landed property as security has received so severe a shock that they are not at all comfortable as to the safety of the amount already invested."

Mr. De la Molle started when he heard this most unexpected bit of news, for which he was totally unprepared. He had always found it possible to borrow money, and it had never occurred to him that a time might perhaps come in this country when the land, which he held in almost superstitious veneration, would be so valueless a form of property that lenders would refuse it as security.

"Why," he said, recovering himself, "the total encumbrances on the property do not amount to more than twenty-five thousand pounds, and when I succeeded to my father, forty years ago, it was valued at fifty, and the castle and premises have been thoroughly repaired since then at a cost of five thousand, and most of the farm buildings also."

"Very possibly, Mr. De la Molle, but to be honest, I very much doubt if Honham Castle and the lands round it would now fetch twenty-five thousand pounds on a forced sale. Competition and Radical agitation have brought estates down more than people realize, and land in Australia and New Zealand is worth as much per acre as cultivated lands in England. Perhaps as a residential property and on account of its historical interest it might fetch more, but I doubt it. In short, Mr. De la Molle, so anxious are Cossey & Son in the matter that I regret to have to tell you that so far from being willing to make a further advance, the firm have formally instructed me to serve the usual six months' notice on you, calling in the money already advanced on mortgage, together with the interest, which I must remind you is nearly a year overdue, and this step I propose to take to-morrow."

The old gentleman staggered for a moment, and caught at the mantel-piece, for the blow was a heavy one, and as unexpected as it was heavy. But he recovered himself in an instant, for it was one of the peculiarities of his character that his spirits always seemed to rise to the occasion in the face of urgent adversity—in short, he possessed an extraordinary share of moral pluck.

"Indeed," he said, indignantly, "indeed, it is a pity that you did not tell me that at once, Mr. Quest; it would have saved me from putting myself in a false position by proposing a business arrangement which is not acceptable. As regards the interest, I admit that is as you say, and I very much regret it. That stupid fellow George is always so dreadfully behindhand with his accounts that I can never get anything settled" (he did not state, and indeed did not know, that the reason that the unfortunate George was behindhand was that there were no accounts to make up, or rather that they were all on the wrong side of the ledger). "I will have that matter seen to at once. Of course business people are quite right to consider their due, and I do not blame Messrs. Cossey in the matter, not in the least. Still, I must say that, considering the long and intimate relationship that has for nearly two centuries existed between their house and my family, they might—well—have shown a little more consideration."

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, "I dare say that the step strikes you as a harsh one. To be perfectly frank with you, Mr. De la Molle, it struck me as a very harsh one; but, of course, I am only a servant, and bound to carry out my instructions. I sympathize with you very much—very much indeed."

"Oh, don't do that," said the old gentleman. "Of course other arrangements must be made; and, much as it will pain me to terminate my connection with Messrs. Cossey, they shall be made."

"But I think," went on the lawyer, without any notice of his interruption, "that you misunderstand the matter a little. Cossey & Son are only a trading corporation, whose object is to make money by lending it, or otherwise—at all hazards to make money. The kind of feeling that you allude to, and that might induce them, in consideration of long intimacy and close connection in the past, to forego the opportunity of so doing and even to run a risk of loss, is a thing which belongs to former generations, which, whatever their failings, were very often generous in their dealings, and allowed their business to be sometimes conducted upon personal rather than commercial principles. But the present is a strictly commercial age, and we are the most commercial of the trading nations. Cossey & Son move with the times, that is all, and they would rather sell up a dozen families which had dealt with them for two centuries than lose five hundred pounds, provided, of course, that they could do so without scandal and loss of general respect, which, where a banking house is concerned, also means a loss of custom. I am a great lover of the past myself, and believe that our ancestors' ways of doing business were, on the whole, better and more charitable than ours, but I have to make my living and take the world as I find it, Mr. De la Molle."

"Quite so, Quest; quite so," answered the Squire, quietly. "I had no idea that you looked at these matters in such a light. Certainly the world has changed a good deal since I was a young man, and I do not think it has changed much for the better. But you will want your luncheon; it is hungry work talking about foreclosures." Mr. Quest had not used this unpleasant word, but the Squire had seen his drift. "Come into the next room," and he led the way into the drawing-room, where Ida was sitting reading the *Times*.

"Ida," he said, with an affectation of heartiness which did not, however, deceive his daughter, who knew how to read every change of her father's face, "here is Mr. Quest. Take him in to luncheon, my dear. I will come presently. I want to finish a note."

Then he returned to the vestibule and sat down in his favorite old oak chair.

"Ruined," he said to himself. "I can never get the money as things are, and there will be a foreclosure. Well, I am an old man, and I hope that I shall not live to see it. But there is Ida. Poor Ida! I cannot bear to think of it, and the old place too, after all these generations—after all these generations."

CHAPTER X.

THE TENNIS PARTY.

Ida shook hands coldly enough with the lawyer, for whom she cherished a great dislike not unmixed with fear. Many women are by nature gifted with an extraordinary power of intuition which fully makes up for their deficiency in reasoning force. They do not conclude from the premises of their observation, they *know* that this man is to be feared and that trusted. In fact, woman shares with the rest of breathing creation that self-protective instinct of instantaneous and almost automatic judgment given to guard it from the dangers with which it is continually threatened at the hands of man's overmastering strength and ordered intelligence. Ida knew nothing to Mr. Quest's disadvantage, indeed, she always heard him spoken of with great respect, and curiously enough she liked his wife very much. But she could not bear the man, feeling in her heart that he was not only to be avoided on account of his own hidden qualities, but that he was moreover an active personal enemy.

They went into the old dining-room, where the luncheon was set, and while Ida allowed Mr. Quest to cut her some cold boiled beef, an operation in which he did not seem to be very much at home, she came to a rapid conclusion in her own mind. She had seen clearly enough from her father's face that his interview with the lawyer had been of a most serious character, but she knew that the chances were that she would never be able to get its upshot out of him, for the old gentleman had a curious habit of keeping such unpleasant matters to himself until he was absolutely forced by circumstances to reveal them. She also knew that her father's affairs were in a most critical condition, for that she had extracted from him on the previous night, and if any remedy was to be attempted it must be attempted at once, and on some heroic scale. Therefore she made up her mind to ask her *bête noir*, Mr. Quest, what the truth might be.

"Mr. Quest," she said, with some trepidation, as he at last triumphantly handed her the beef, "I hope that you will forgive me for asking you a plain question, and that, if you can, you will favor me with a plain answer. I know my father's affairs are very much involved, and that he is now anxious to borrow some more money; but I do not know quite how matters stand, and I want to hear the exact truth."

"I am very glad to hear you speak like that, Miss De la Molle," answered the lawyer, "because I was trying to make up my mind to broach the subject, which is a very painful one to me. Frankly, then, forgive me for saying it, your father is absolutely ruined. The interest on the mortgages is a year in arrear; his largest farm is just thrown upon his hands, and, to complete the tale, the mortgagees are going to call in their money or foreclose."

At this statement, which was almost brutal in its brief comprehensiveness, Ida turned as pale as death, as well she might, and dropped her fork with a clatter upon her plate.

"I did not realize that things were quite so bad," she murmured. "Then I suppose that the place will be taken from us, and we shall—shall have to go away."

"Yes, certainly, unless money can be found to take up the mortgages, of which I see no chance. The place will be sold for what it will fetch, and that nowadays will be no great sum."

"When will that be?" she asked.

"In about six or nine months' time."

Ida's lips trembled, and the sight of the food upon her plate became nauseous to her. A vision arose before her mind's eye of herself and her old father departing hand in hand from the castle gates, behind and about which gleamed the hard wild lights of a March sunset, to seek a place to hide themselves, and the horror of it almost overcame her.

"Is there no way of escape?" she asked, hoarsely. "To lose this place would kill my father. He loves it better than anything in the world; his whole life is wrapped up in it."

"I can quite understand that, Miss De la Molle; it is a most charming old place, especially to anybody interested in the past. But unfortunately mortgagees are no respecters of feelings. To them land is so much property and nothing more."

"I know all that," she said, impatiently; "you do not answer my question," and she leaned toward him and rested her hand upon the table. "Is there no way out of it?"

Mr. Quest drank a little claret before he answered. "Yes," he said, "I think that there is, if only you will take it."

"What way?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well, though as I said just now, the mortgagees of an estate as a body are merely a business corporation, and look at things from a business point of view only, you must remember that they are composed of individuals, and that individuals can be influenced if they can be got at. For instance, Cossey & Son are an abstraction and harshly disposed in their abstract capacity, but Mr. Edward Cossey is an individual, and I should say, so far as this particular matter is concerned, a benevolently disposed individual. Now Mr Edward Cossey is not himself at the present moment actually one of the firm of Cossey & Son, but he is the heir of the head of the house, and of course has authority, and, what is better still, the command of money."

"I understand," said Ida. "You mean that my father should try to win over Mr. Edward Cossey. Unfortunately, to be frank, he dislikes him, and my father is not a man to keep his dislikes to himself."

"People generally do dislike those to whom they are crushingly indebted; your father dislikes Mr. Cossey because his name is Cossey, and for no other reason. But that is not quite what I meant—I do not think that the Squire is the right person to undertake a negotiation of that sort. He is a little too outspoken and incautious. No, Miss De la Molle, if it is to be done at all you must do it. You must put the whole case before him at once—this very afternoon; there is no time for delay. You need not enter into details; he knows all about them—only ask him to avert this catastrophe. He can do so if he likes; how he does it is his own affair!"

"But, Mr. Quest," said Ida, "how can I ask such a favor of any man? I shall be putting myself in a dreadfully false position."

"I do not pretend, Miss De la Molle, that it is a pleasant task for any young lady to undertake; I quite understand your shrinking from it. But sometimes one has to do unpleasant things and make compromises with one's self-respect. It is a question whether or no your family shall be utterly ruined and destroyed. There is, as I honestly believe, no prospect whatever of your father being able to get the money to pay off Cossey & Son, and if he did, it would not help him, because he could not pay the interest on it. Under these circumstances you have to choose between putting yourself in an equivocal position and letting events take their course. It would be useless for anybody else to undertake the task, and of course I cannot guarantee that even you will succeed, but I will not mince matters; as you doubtless know, any man would find it hard to refuse a favor asked by such a suppliant. And now you must make up your own mind. I have shown you a path that may lead your family from a position of the most imminent peril. If you are the woman I take you for, you will not shrink from following it."

Ida made no reply, and in another moment the Squire came in to take a couple of glasses of sherry and a biscuit. But Mr. Quest, furtively watching her face, said to himself that she had taken the bait and that she would do it. Shortly after this a diversion occurred, for the clergyman, Mr. Jeffries, a pleasant little man, with a round and shining face and a most unclerical eye-glass, came up to consult the Squire upon some matter of parish business, and was shown into the dining-room. Ida took advantage of his appearance to effect a retreat to her own room, and there for the present we may leave her to her meditations.

No more business was discussed by the Squire that afternoon. Indeed, it interested Mr. Quest, who was above all things a student of character, to observe how wonderfully the old gentleman threw off his trouble. To listen to him energetically arguing away with the Rev. Mr. Jeffries as to whether or no it would be proper, as had hitherto been the custom, to devote the proceeds of the harvest festival collection (£1 18*s.* 3*d.* and a brass button) to the county hospital, or whether it should be applied to the repair of the woodwork in the vestry, was, under the circumstances, most instructive. The Rev. Mr. Jeffries, who suffered severely from the condition of the vestry, at last gained his point by triumphantly showing that no patient from Honham had been admitted to the hospital for fifteen months, and that therefore the hospital had no particular claim on this particular year, whereas the draught in the vestry was enough to cut any clergyman in two.

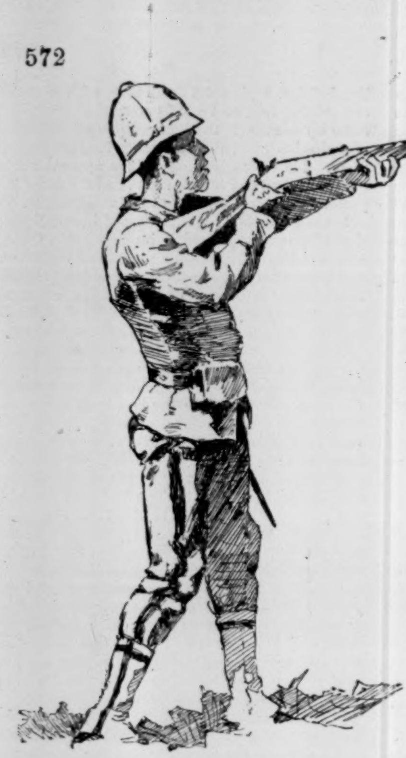
"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "I will consent for this year, and this year only. I have been church-warden of this parish for between forty and fifty years, and we have always given the harvest festival collection to the hospital, and although under these exceptional circumstances it may possibly be desirable to diverge from that custom, I cannot and will not consent to such a thing in a permanent way. So I shall write to the secretary and explain the matter, and tell him that next year and in the future generally the collection will be devoted to its original purpose."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Quest to himself. "And all the time the man must know that in all human probability the place will be sold over his head before he is a year older. I wonder if he puts it on or if he deceives himself. I suppose he has lived here so long that he cannot realize a condition of things when he will cease to live here and the place will belong to somebody else. Or perhaps he is only brazening it out." And then he strolled away to the back of the house and had a look at the condition of the out-houses, reflecting that some of them would be sadly expensive to repair for whoever came into possession here. After that he crossed the moat and walked through the somewhat extensive plantations at the back of the house, wondering if it would not be possible to get enough timber out of them, if one went to work judiciously, to pay for putting the place in order. Presently he came to a spot where there had been a line of very fine timber oaks in a hedge-row of which the Squire had been notoriously fond, and of which he had himself taken particular and admiring notice in the course of the previous winter. The trees were gone. In the hedge where they had stood were a series of gaps like those in an old woman's jaw, and about upon the ground were littered remains of bark and branches and of fagots that had been made up of the brushwood. "Cut down this spring fell," was Mr. Quest's ejaculation. "Poor old fellow, he must have been pinched before he consented to part with those oaks!"

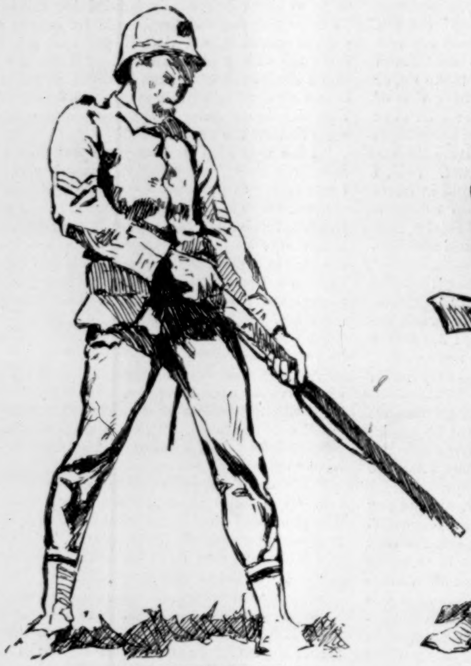
Then he turned and went back to the house, just in time to see Ida's guests arriving for the lawn-tennis party. Ida herself was standing on the lawn behind the house, which, bordered as it was by the moat and at the farther end by a row of ruined arches, was one of the most picturesque in the country and a most effective setting to any young lady. As the people came they were shown through the house on the lawn, and here she was receiving. She was dressed in a plain, tight-fitting gown of blue flannel, which showed off her perfect figure to great advantage, and a broad-brimmed hat, which shaded her fine but somewhat dignified face. Mr. Quest sat down on a bench beneath the shade of an arbutus, watching her closely; and, indeed, if the study of a perfect English lady of the noblest sort has any charms, he was not without his reward. There are some women—most of us know one or two—who are born to hold a great position, and to sail across the world like a swan through meaner fowl. It would be very hard to say to what their peculiar charm and dignity is owing. It is not to beauty only, for though they have presence, many of these women are not beautiful, while some are even plain. Better not—this face has been so often described in different and non-accordant terms. Nor does it spring from native grace and tact alone; though these things must be present. Rather is it the reflection of a cultivated mind acting upon a naturally pure and elevated temperament, which makes these ladies conspicuous above the level of their sex, and fashions them in such kind that all men looking upon them and putting aside the mere charm of beauty and the natural softening of judgment in the atmosphere of sex, must recognize in them an equal mind, and a presence more noble than their own.

It was while Mr. Quest was still watching Ida with complete satisfaction—for she appealed to the artistic side of his nature—that Colonel Quaritch arrived upon the scene, looking, Mr. Quest thought, particularly plain with his solid form, his long thin nose, light whiskers, and square and massive chin. Also he looked particularly imposing in contrast to the youths and maidens and domesticated clergymen. There was a gravity, almost a solemnity, about his bronzed countenance and deliberate, ordered conversation, which did not, however, favorably impress the aforesaid youths and maidens, if a judgment might be formed from such samples of conversational criticism which Mr. Quest heard going on on the farther side of his arbutus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"OH! MY SHOULDER!"



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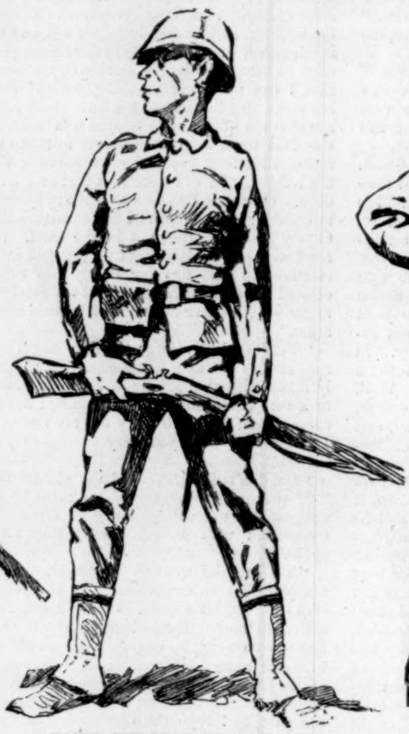
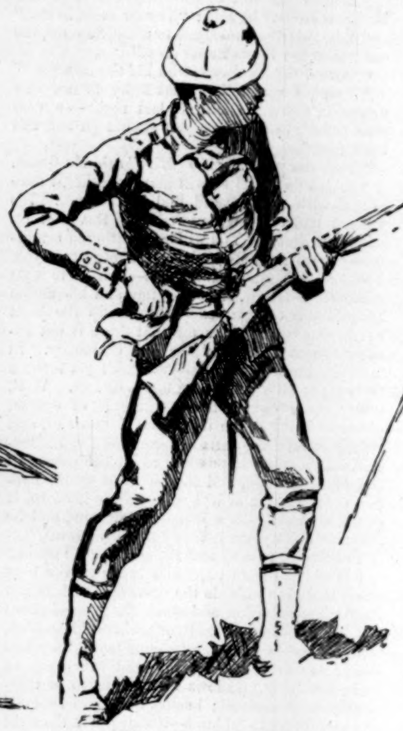


"DON'T UNDERSTAND THE CALL."



"ADVANCE LOADING!"

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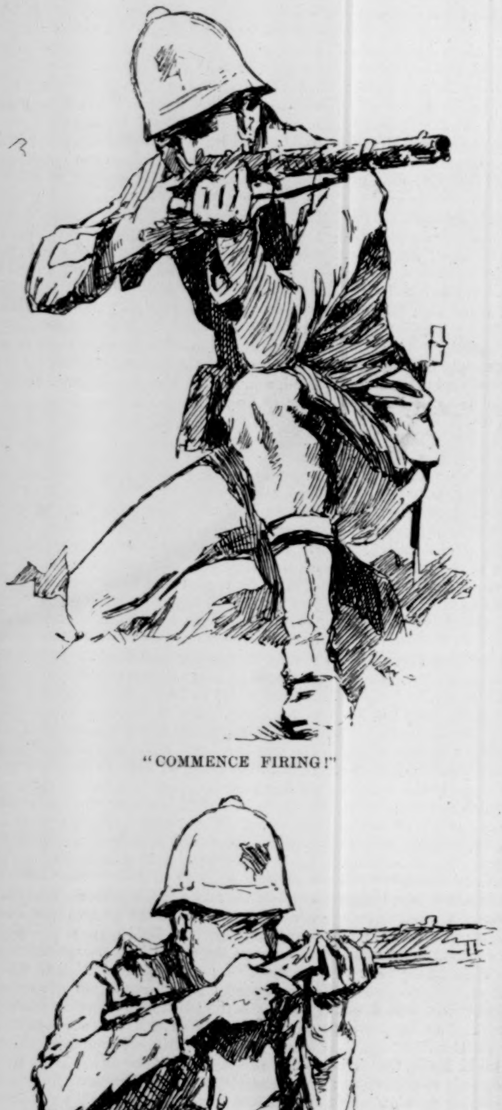
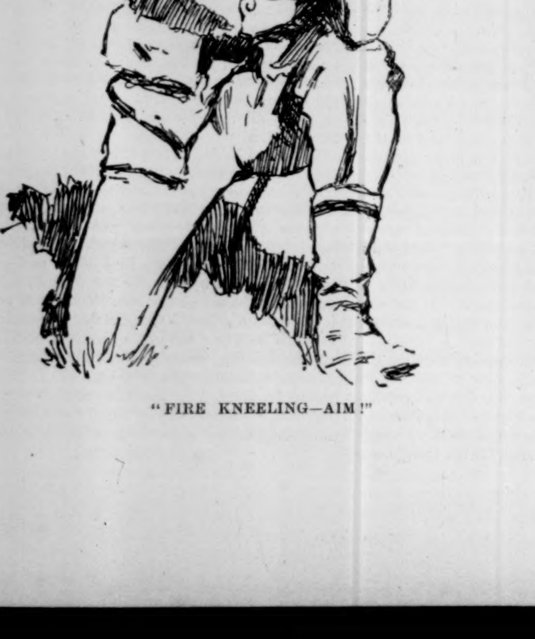
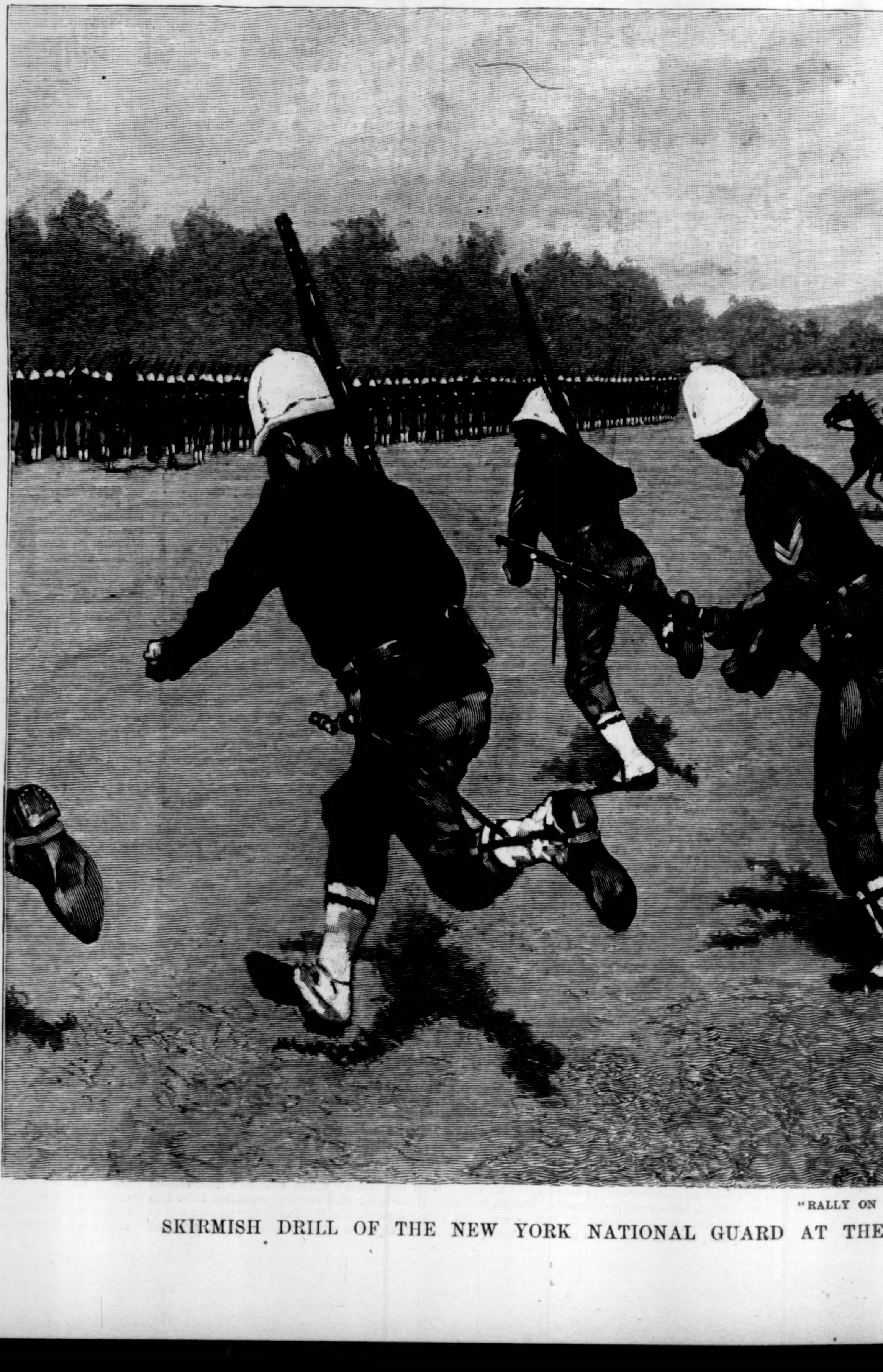


"COMMENCE FIRING!"

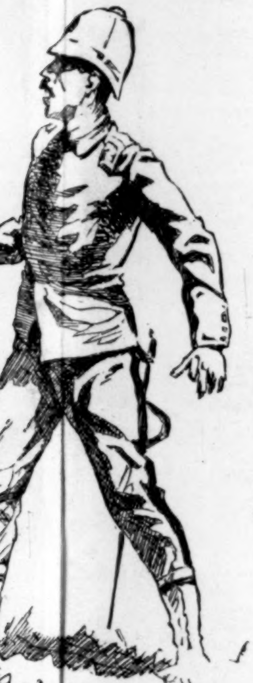


"FIRE KNEELING—AIM!"

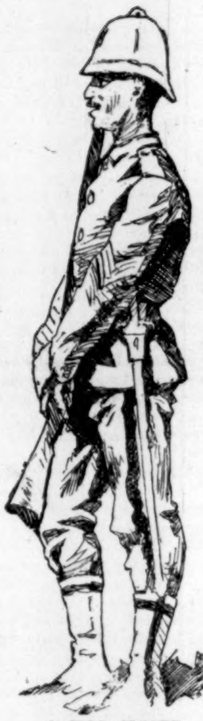


"RALLY ON

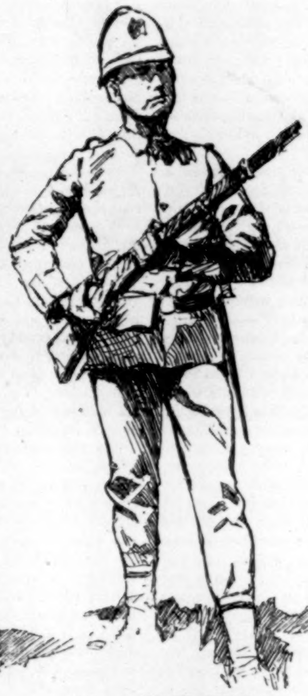
SKIRMISH DRILL OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD AT THE



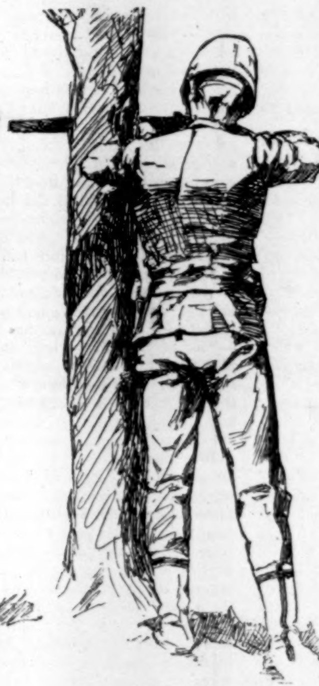
LINE OFFICER.



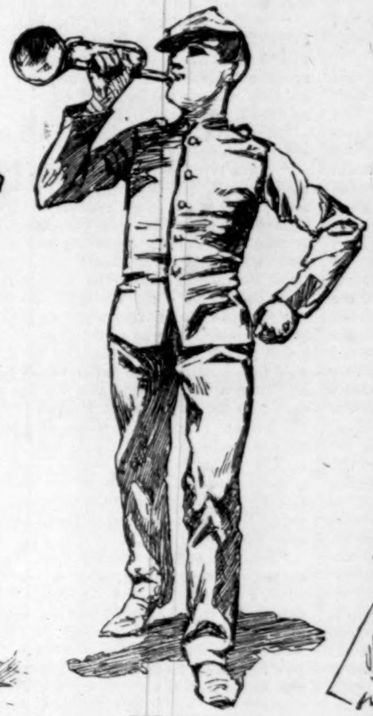
A FILE CLOSER.



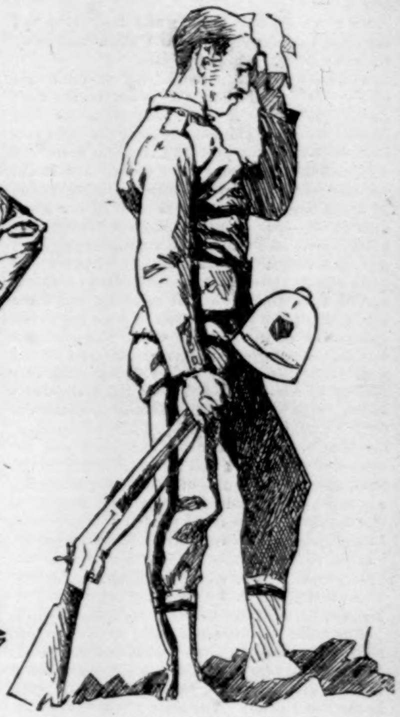
“CEASE FIRING!”



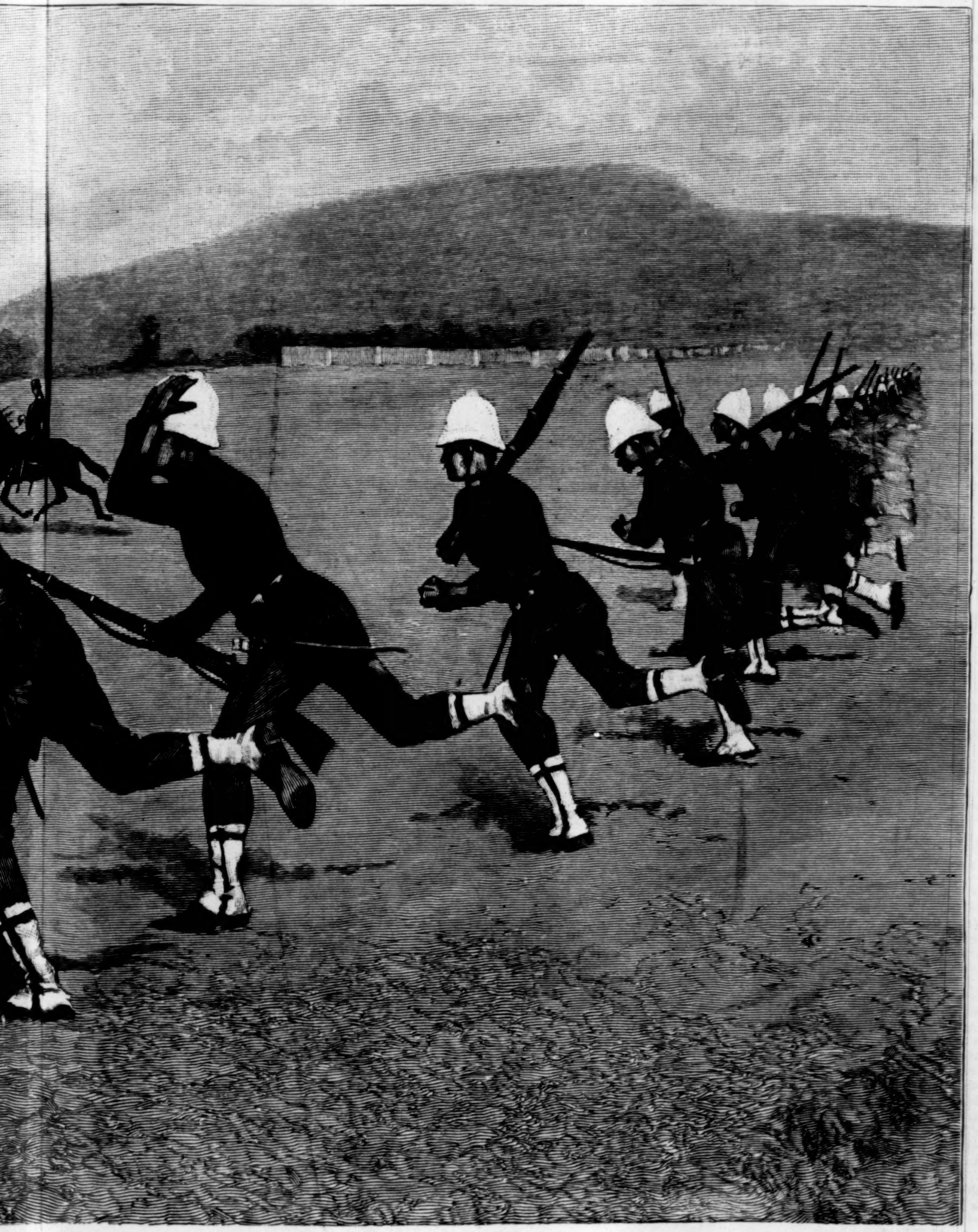
IN THE WOODS.



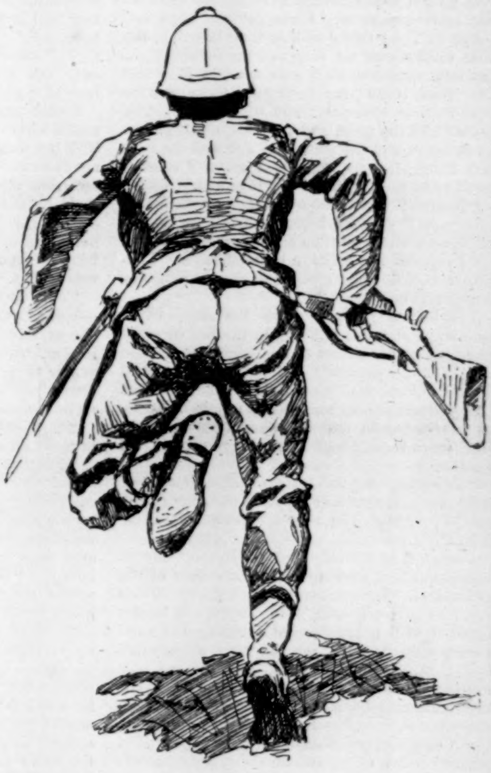
THE BUGLER.



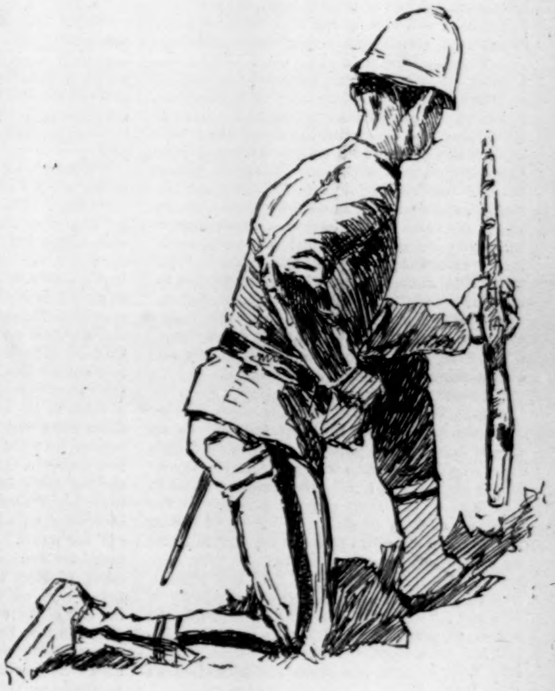
“IN PLACE, REST!”



ON THE BATTALION!”



“DOUBLE TIME!”



“LOAD!”

HE STATE CAMP, PEEKSKILL.—Drawn by Frederick Remington.—[See Page 578.]

MAMMY GUYGER.

"I HEAR music," I said; and I straightened my tired back and pushed the thick veil away from my flushed and grimy face.

A dreary post-oak "rough" lay on each side of the sandy road along which our horses were slowly plodding. A few rods back we had crossed a narrow shinn-oak prairie; a little further on we should probably stumble down the steep black banks of a "dry creek," and strain up the other side—the overhanging branches of a red haw-tree scraping the top of our army ambulance—into another shinn-oak prairie; beyond which awaited us yet another stretch of post-oak rough. At least this is what we had been doing ever since our candle-light breakfast at Old Buck Swisher's that morning, and there really seemed to be no reason why we might not go on forever in the same way. Not a human habitation had greeted our eyes since an abrupt turn in the cockle-bur bordered lane had carried us to the right of Young Buck Swisher's cabin, "a half 'n mile" this side of his father's. Once a jack-rabbit had jumped across the road, his long ears laid over his shoulders and his morsel of a tail erect, and scurried down into the ugly, uninviting depths of the wood; and once we had turned aside for a mover's wagon, so chock-full of sallow-faced women and tow-headed children that we had gravely speculated afterward as to the probable disposition of their household plunder. The man, slouching along beside his ox team, said they were going out to the Pan-Handle, "wher the durn folks wa'n't so thick."

But these were the sole signs of life we had seen other than the birds that flitted noiselessly about the scraggy trees, and an occasional motionless group of lean, long-horned cattle lying in the scant shade. The setting sun was reddening all the western sky; its slant beams, misty with golden motes, struck directly into our eyes and half blinded us. I was hot and tired and hungry. The "thirty mile or ther' 'bout" to the little town where we were to stop for the night had long ceased to be a joke between Rick and me. Rick, indeed, had been glum and silent for more than an hour past; and when I thought of mother and the girls, and the cool, shady galleries at home, and the shower of rice and old slippers flung after us when we started, I confess that I cried a little behind my blue veil.

"Humph! Music in this inf— interminable wilderness!" growled Rick, in answer to the remark with which I broke the dreary silence.

"I suppose I must have been mistaken," I admitted with dubious meekness, and sinking disconsolately back.

The horses plunged down the steep black banks and stopped, panting, in the bed of a dry creek, where the wheels of the ambulance ground on the loose pebbles. Suddenly they pricked up their ears, and started forward with such energy that I almost tumbled off the seat. Clearly on the warm still air floated down to us from some remote region the cheery scraping of a fiddle.

"*Possum up er gum stump, coony up er holler,*" sang the bow, skipping joyously over the fiddle-strings; "*Pat de juba, nigger, un de gals is sho ter foller.*"

I laughed hysterically, and began to shuffle an accompaniment with my feet on the floor of the ambulance. The glum look vanished from Rick's face; he gave a friendly little whoop, and leaned forward with a pretence of touching the tired horses with the whip; but they were already galloping briskly up the bank, and the red haw limbs were brushing our faces. Instead of the inevitable rough beyond the little shinn-oak on the other side, however, the ground broke away into a long hill, edged on one side by a growth of sumach and mullein, and on the other by a rail-fence, enclosing a field of stubby cotton already bursting here and there into irregular patches of white.

At the top of the hill we came in sight of the house, a squat one-roomed log cabin, set well back in the field, and surrounded by a shiftless array of corn and cotton pens, water barrels, ash hopper, sorghum furnace, and the like. There was a brush arbor in the rear, whence arose a cloud of blue smoke, comfortably suggestive of supper. A wide porch gave a cheery look to the front of the cabin; and here, with his chair tilted back against the wall, and his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, sat the fiddler. The steady beat of his foot was keeping time to the old plantation melody, and we heard, as we drew nearer, the familiar sarcasms of the backwoods addressed to imaginary dancers: "Whoop! now yer a-makin' it!" "Tu'n thet gal ther', *ef* she'll let yer!" "Quit thet foolin' at the cornders!" "Sashay 'crost the middle!"

He laid down the fiddle when the horses stopped of their own accord at the fence—there was no sign of a gate—and arose slowly and with apparent difficulty from his chair.

"Hello!" cried Rick.

A pack of lean-looking hounds came dashing down the path across the field, followed by an equally lean-looking pack of freckle-faced children, who were attired, without regard to age or sex, in blue cotton aprons that reached down to their heels. The dogs stopped perforce at the fence, where they continued to bark and whine. The children climbed up on the topmost rail, and regarded us with grave curiosity.

"'Light, cap, an' come in," said the biggest, whom I judged by a certain air of superiority to be a boy; "we nuver tu'ns no travellers off," he continued, persuasively. "Yonder comes pap hisself, an' ye mought thes as well 'light. Lord, how turrible beat out them critters is!—ain't they, Buster?"

One of the blue-clad figures beside him turned a critical gaze on our horses. "*Naw!* Ye nuver did know nothin' 'bout critters, Bud. Them's Ole Buck Swisher's *paints*. An' ef anybody ez knowed *how* wuz a-drivin' of 'em, they could mek ten mile mo' *easy* afore daylight down."

"Hello, stranger!" cried the fiddler, as he came limping slowly across the field, leaning upon a short stout stick. "Supper air thes about ready, an' the women-folks has plent yo' quilts an' sich whence the beds gin out. Don't was'e no time a-considerin'. Thes 'light an' come in."

Rick threw down the lines and prepared to obey this hospitable injunction.

"Whyn't ye beat off them dogs, Bud?" said another soft, drawling voice in the rear of the ambulance, and a large, ruddy-faced old woman suddenly appeared between the wheels, her kindly blue eyes shining a genuine welcome. "Git down off 'n that fence, Sissy! Ain't ye 'shame' to be a-straddlin' them rails 'long o' Buster an' Coon an' the res' o' them boys?" At this one of the shock-headed nondescripts giggled bashfully, and wormed its way to the ground. "Howdy, honey?" she continued, beaming up at me; "I wuz thes a-settin' a ole yaller tu'key hen which hev stole a nes' 'mongs' the mullein over yander 'crost the road, whence I heerd ye drivin' up the hill, an' I 'clar' to goodness ef I 'ain't fotch them settin' aigs back!" She laughed musically, and patted with one stubby hand the blue-check apron gathered up in the other. "Bud Guyger," she went on, authoritatively, "he'p yo' pappy th'o' down a panel o' that fence, so's the cunnel kin drive th'o'."

"Lord, ye mus' be mighty tired, honey!" she exclaimed in caressing tones a moment later, when I had crawled over the wheels with Rick's assistance, the fiddler meanwhile standing by, giving directions, and smiling the slow heart-warming country smile of greeting. "Ye look pow'ful peaky, anyhow." She peered past me as she spoke into the empty ambulance, as if she thought there might be some one concealed in its cavernous depths. I fancied that a slight shade of disappointment crossed her large motherly face, but it was gone when she turned it again upon me. "Come right inter the house this minit," she cried; "ye air boun' to be clean gin out. Ole Buck Swisher's air forty mile fum here ef it air a step."

I sank gratefully down into the low hide-bottomed chair on the shady porch. My hostess with her free hand removed my hat, unbuttoned my linen duster, and handed me a gourd of water from the brass-bound bucket on the little shelf by the door, then hovered over me in a brooding sort of way that brought tears to my homesick eyes. She looked away across the field, pretending not to see, but she patted my wrist softly.

"Jess Guyger out yander 'long o' yo' ole man —him ez wuz a-fiddlin'—he air one o' my twins," she explained. "I hain't got no fambly 'cep'n him an' Gabe lef' out 'n nine. Gabe he air the yether twin. That gang o' children yander air Jess's." She broke off, and lifted up a strong mellow voice: "Ma*ha*-ly!"

"Yes, 'm," came back from the brush arbor, in tones almost as sweet and hearty as her own.

"Put the big pot inter the little un. I don't reckin these here trav'lers has hed a bite sence can'l'-light breakfus. Mahaly air Mis' Guyger, my son Jess's wife," she added, settling herself on the steps, and beginning to transfer the sitting eggs from her lap to a rickety basket that stood handy. "Ever'body on Jim-Ned thes natchly names *me* Mammy Guyger. Ez fer Gabe, he hain't nuver married—not ez I knows on."

"I didn' know but what ye mought of fotch up wi' Gabe somewher's," she said that night as we drew our chairs up in front of the big fireplace, where a low fire smouldered; for the night air was crisp and cool. Mahaly had retired into one of the two big beds that stood in opposite corners of the room, in company with Sissy and the twins and the baby. Buster and Bud and Coon were on a pallet behind the back door. Rick and Mr. Guyger sat on the porch smoking; snatches of their war talk floated in to us now and then through the wide-open door.

"Gabe?" I repeated, vaguely.

"Gabe Guyger," responded Mammy Guyger, promptly. "He air one o' my twins; Jess yander he air the yether. I mought of knowed Gabe wa'n't in yo'-all's spring wagin. Yit Gabe hev got sech onexpected ways. He aluz wuz a mighty mischeevus boy;" and she laughed softly, leaning over to rake a coal into the bowl of her cob pipe.

"Where is he now, ma'am?" I asked, politely, hiding a yawn behind my hand.

"Gabe? Waal, hit air thes this a-way. Gabe an' Jess, they wa'n't nothin' but boys whence the wah broke out. We nuver had no niggers ter fight fer, an' me an' my ole man we 'lowed 'twa'n't no use fer none o' our kin ter jine the army. But Jess an' Gabe they ups an' goes, carryin' o' the'r heads thes ez high ez ef they hed o' hed a nigger ter tromp a'ter 'em, same ez Squire Carter's Milt hed. An' me an' th' ole man we felt onchristian proud o' them boys o' ourn in the'r un-niforms. Lord, we wuz all sech a passel o' fools in them days! Howsomedever, both o' them boys wuz wounded at Sharpsbu'g. Jess, yander, he were toted off 'n the fiel'—mebby ye hev noticed ez how he air a cripple twel yit—an' the las' thing he kin recolleck of were seein' of Gabe layin' ther' on the groun' a-welterin' in his own blood, an' a-groanin' an' a-moaning, an' a-beggin' fer water. Natchly he s'posened Gabe were boun' ter die. But Gabe didn't die—*naw, sir!* Some o' them kin'-hearted famblies roun' ther' taken him, an' taken keer o' him; an' hit were the een o' the wah afore that chile were able to git out'n that bed. An' then he kinder made his way slow-lak to this here creek." She got up and went over to a small school map of the two hemispheres tacked against the wall on the other side of the fireplace, and laid her broad forefinger on the wavy line indicating the Potomac River. "He were jinded ther' by a lot o' boys fum widely diffunt parts o' the kentry," she went on, oracularly, her voice as she proceeded taking on the labored tone of one reading aloud in an imperfectly acquired language; "an' somewher's 'bout here"—touching a spot near the mouth of the river—"they found a ship in the which the sailors wuz a-weighing of the an-*chor*; an' them boys an' Gabe went a-*board* o' that ship an' sot sail. She hove aroun' in this here direction"—the fat forefinger moved slowly over the Atlantic, following a worn and soiled mark made evidently by much pointing out of the ship's route—"an' fer a time all went well; but they en-counter-ed a gale somewher's 'bout here"—the finger paused in the neighborhood of the Bermudas—"in the which the good ship foun-der-ed, an' the crew an' the passengers all taken to the small boats. A'ter endurin' o' turrible sufferin's th'o' havin' o' no water, an' bein' plumb blistered by the sun o' the e-quator, the swell o' the waves at las' th'owed 'em onto this small *is*-lant"—the finger rested with a flourish among the Canary Islands —"an' ef ye'll b'lieve me," she continued, dropping back into easy colloquial style, "them boys foun' nigh about ever'thing a body can think of on that desert *is*-lant. But, natchly, they honed a'ter home—Gabe 'specially. Gabe aluz wuz the beatenes' boy fer home. An' so's they kep' a fire burnin' day an' night fer nigh onto ten years, an' they kep' a-histin' of a shirt onto a pole fer ter draw the 'tention of a passin' ship. Lord! I know Gabe mus' a-hankered a'ter me an' his pappy, though his pappy he have died sence Gabe were casted away on the desert *is*-lant. At las' a ship es-pied the sig-nal, an' them boys was taken'd on board, an' fetched to Gal-*vest*-on, not mo'n four months ago, fum wher' they 'low to mek the'r way to the'r natchl homes. I'll be pow'ful glad to see Gabe. Jess an' Mahaly hev motioned something 'bout movin' out to Concho, wher' ye air goin', but ye don't ketch me gittin' away fum wher' Gabe air lookin' fer ter fin' his mammy. My goodness sakes, honey! hit air time an' enough ye wuz gittin' ter bed. I fergit whence I git ter runnin' on 'bout Gabe. Put yo' cloze onto a cheer, an' pile into my bed in the yether cornder yander. The men-folks air goin' to hev a pallit on the po'ch."

"'Tain't no use, cap," I heard her son say, in a low voice to Rick, as Mammy Guyger bustled about the room, preparing for bed. "Gabe were shot plumb in two, an' he couldn't of lived mo'n a minit a'ter I seen him fall. But mammy air that sot in her id*ee*, which she hev took up fum a fool book somebody hev give the children; an' it hev done her that good that we hev conclusionded to let her be. An' she hev been lookin' fer Gabe thes that-a-way now for mo'n ten year."

"Don't ye min' my settin' o' the do' open, honey," said my hostess, when I had sunk down into the vast feather-bed and pulled the coarse, sweet-scented sheets about me. "Gabe *mought* come home in the night. He aluz wuz the mischeevusest boy! An' I hain't got the heart to shet the do' on *Gabe*."

II.

One afternoon last fall Rick and I alighted from the cars at a brand-new little railway station in West Texas, and stepped into the light buggy which awaited us, with its span of handsome horses. "Yaas," admitted the station master, giving a friendly shake to the wheel against which he had been leaning, "ye *can* miss the way. There's a heap of forks in these sandy post-oak roughs. But I reckon Major Jack's team have travelled the road of'n enough to kind o' keep ye straight. Anyhow, 'tain't mo'n ten or fifteen mile."

But the team did not keep us straight. And when night came on, instead of being comfortably housed at Major Jack's, we were bogueing along, trying by the light of the stars to keep the wheels clear of post-oak saplings, and to divine which of the many branching roads might perchance be the right fork.

All at once Rick pulled up, and gave an emphatic whistle. "There's no mistake about the music this time, Nan," he said. For a second I was too bewildered to speak. A rush of recollection overpowered me. Ten years seemed suddenly to drop away, and I had a quick little vision of mother and the girls standing on the cool, shady gallery at home flinging rice and old slippers after Rick and me, and of the swarm of children, black and white, running by the ambulance wheels as far as the big gate. My heart gave a thump and stood still again, as it did that morning when we turned into the lane, and I realized that we were actually off on that never-to-be-forgotten wedding journey to the far-away frontier fort. I even felt once more the homesick pang that had seized me a day or two later in the shinn-oak prairie, not far from Jess Guyger's, when I saw Rick glum for the first time. All this passed in a flash before me, and then I broke into a torrent of exclamations. As I live, the same old tune came dancing down to us on the night air. "*Possum up er gum stump, coony up er holler,*" I sang, along with Jess Guyger's fiddle; "*Pat de juba, nigger, an' de gals is sho ter foller*"; for the fiddle was bound to be none other than Jess Guyger's.

We stumbled down into the bed of the dry creek, and presently we were climbing the well-remembered hill. A ruddy glow streamed through the open door of the cabin, and as we approached we heard the heavy monotonous sound of shuffling feet, and an occasional burst of song mingling with the music. A dozen or more horses were fastened to the rail-fence in front of the house; others were staked among the sumach and dry mullein stalks across the road, and two or three covered wagons were drawn up inside the field, with their teams munching corn and fodder from the troughs at the back. Evidently some kind of merrymaking was going on.

In response to Rick's halloo a pack of hounds came tilting across the field, followed by no less a personage than Mammy Guyger herself, a trifle stouter, but otherwise unchanged since we parted from her ten years ago.

"Lord-a-mighty!" she cried, when we had succeeded, above the din of the dogs, in making ourselves known, "thes to think of hits bein' you! Git out an' come right in. Buster 'll ten' to the critters. An' I 'clar' to gracious ef them ain't Major Jack's critters! Ye wuz a-goin' to Major Jack's? Waal, ye *air* outen yo' way. I reckin hit's sumpn lak a jidgment on ye fer tryin' to git to Tom Green 'thout stoppin' to see yer mammy. Shucks! 'Light, an' come in. Ef ye *mus'* git to Major Jack's to-night, ye kin hook up a'ter moonrise, whence the critters is rested."

We walked across the field with the dogs at our heels, leaving Buster (grown into a tall gawky lad) in charge of the horses.

"Hit's Bud's infair," explained Mammy Guyger; "him an' Cindy Emb'ton wuz married las' night. Bud air thes turned o' nineteen, but he air pow'ful studdy an' sober lak. Lord, honey!" she exclaimed, as we stepped upon the porch, "ye look thes lak ye did, only a heap younger, th'o' bein' fatter. Yo' ole man hev ageded some, but I'd of knowed him anywher's. Lord! how glad Jess 'll be to see ye!"

The one room of the cabin had been cleared of all its belongings. A great fire blazed in the fireplace, putting to shame with its warm gleam the smoky kerosene lamp on the high mantle-shelf. A row of straight-backed chairs ranged against the walls accommodated the married women of the neighborhood. They were dipping snuff and talking in slow soft undertones. Here and there a bald-headed baby sat bolt-upright and solemn in its mother's lap, but the babies were for the most part asleep in the covered wagons outside. Jess Guyger, a good deal grayer and more wrinkled, but with the same dreamy smile on his long face, sat in a corner, fiddling with all his might for the young people, who were bouncing through the old-fashioned game of *Peeping at Susan*. Bud, the stalwart bridegroom, was calling the figures in a sonorous voice; the bride, a pretty buxom girl in a pink calico frock, was darting in and out of the swaying lines, followed by a red-headed boy, who proved upon inquiry to be Coon. A plump girl, in a very bunchy overskirt and an exaggerated bang, with a rather supercilious smile on her round face, stood somewhat apart, looking on.

"That air our Sissy," said Mammy Guyger, nudging me with her elbow. "She taken a trip down to New Or-leens to the Ex-position las' year, an' she hev fotch home a heap o' fool notions, Sissy hev! Mahaly she air out in the b'ush arbor 'long o' some o' the neighbors gittin' supper."

At sight of us Jess Guyger got up and limped forward, leaving his fiddle in the hands of Coon, who scraped almost as skilful a bow as his father. "Lord, cap, hit's good fer so' eyes to see ye oncet mo'," was his greeting; "less git out 'n this yer rumpus un' hev a smoke an' a talk 'bout Mars Bob's boys."

I left them on the porch, their chairs tilted comfortably against the wall, their eager memories already back in the red light of the sun that rose on the battle of the Wilderness, and returned to Mammy Guyger.

"The las' one o' them boys an' gals is church members," she said, as she made room for me beside her in a corner of the fireplace. "Brother Conron he got up a mons'us big revival las' summer whence the cotton wuz laid by, an' he baptized mighty nigh ever'body on Jim-Ned Creek, up an' down. Jess were onchristian lonesome fer a while th'o' nobody keerin' to hear him fiddle. Seems lak Jess couldn't live 'thout his fiddle, nohow. Howsomedever, Bud an' Coon they went over to Rastler's to a cotton pickin' two weeks ago come Sat'day, and whiles they wuz ther' they made the rise o' these here playin' games which calls fer a fiddle same ez a Virginny reel. Hit's mighty lak dancin' to *me*; an' I'm thes lookin' for Brother Conron to put his foot down. Lord-a-mighty! what air the matter wi' Sister Gardenhier?"

The shrill angry voice of a woman outside was making itself heard above the boisterous refrain of *Peeping at Susan*. There was a sort of hurry-skurry about the porch steps, and then we heard Jess Guyger remonstrating mildly with somebody or something. Apparently, however, the altercation, whatever it was, was not a bitter one, for the inaudible response of the culprit was greeted by Jess and Rick with a burst of laughter, to which the mollified woman even added her thin cackle.

As a trampling of horses' feet died away in the direction of the road, a spurred boot-heel rang on the porch, and a tall, handsome young countryman stepped into the room and stood just inside the doorway, smiling at Mammy Guyger over the heads of the players.

I stared at him with some surprise. He wore the dark flannel over-shirt and jeans trousers—the last tucked into his high boots—common to the country. But his features were singularly refined and delicate; his forehead, smooth and white as a girl's, was crowned by a mass of loose yellow curls; his dark blue eyes had a softly radiant look beneath their drooping long-fringed lids; the hand with which he stroked his budding mustache was slender and white. His whole form was full of a subtle grace that made him seem strangely out of place among these heavy-limbed, awkward girls and boys.

He made his way to where we sat, in response to mammy's beckoning finger. "What ye been doin' of now, Jim Slater?" she demanded, with pretended severity.

He looked down at her in smiling silence. "Nothin', mammy," he drawled at length, in a low sweet voice; "leastways nothin' fer nobody to git mad at. I thes turned the saddle hineside afore on ole Daddy Gardenhier's critter; an' him an' Granny bein' o' eenamos' blin', clim' up an' started off home that-a-way. She were plumb on the critter's neck, an' I lak to of died laughin' to see daddy a-scratchin' roun' the critter's tail to git holt o' the bridle." He laughed again at the bare recollection; and I confess that I laughed with him. "Jess Guyger got mad," he resumed, plaintively, "an' said as how he reckin Sissy ought to shet the do' in my face fer playin' sech a trick on a perfessin' member lak Brether Gardenhier."

"Ye ought to be 'shame' o' yo'se'f," laughed Mammy Guyger. "Ye air that mischeevus that the' ain't no tellin' what ye goin' to do nex'. Git along, an' tell Mahaly to gin ye that sweet-'tater pie I been a-savin' fer ye out yander in the camp-chis."

"Lord, mammy, ye air the gal fer me!" he cried, breaking into a little shuffling dance, and snapping his long fingers.

"That there Jim Slater," said mammy, looking fondly after him as he skilfully threaded his way across the game and disappeared through the back door, "air the beatenes', lazies', onprinciples' boy on Jim-Ned. But he air that lak my Gabe that I hain't the backbone to stan' up agin him! He cert'n'y air Gabe's pic'shur. Why, ef ye wuz to see him an' Gabe come in yander do' together this minute, ye couldn't hardly tell 'em apart."

I glanced at old Jess Guyger, Gabe's twin, who came halting into the room at that moment, but I said nothing.

"I were a plumb fool," she went on, energetically, "'bout that foun-der-ed ship an' that desert *is*-lant. Hit were all a pack o' lies. Gabe wa'n't on no foun-der-ed ship; an' what's mo', he wa'n't on no desert *is*-lant," and she beamed triumphantly on me over her great spectacles.

"Why—," I began, with a gasp.

"Naw, they wa'n't a word o' truth in them things I tole ye whence ye were here befo'. I were a ole fool to of b'lieved 'em lak I did. But I hev at las' foun' out the sho reason o' Gabe's bein' so long a-comin' home. Ye see, whence he lef' that kin'-hearted fambly at the een o' the wah, an' started fer to mak' his way back to his pappy an' me, he fell in wi' some boys which hed conclusioned to come al-so. An' they got on a ves-sel boun' fer the Ar'tic regions, but which them boys wuz onaware of. They went a-sailin' in an' out 'mongs' the icebrigs"—she jumped up suddenly and faced the map which hung just over her head in its old place on the rough wall. I arose with her, and looking over her shoulder, I saw the old finger mark zigzagging across the Atlantic, and losing itself somewhere about the Peak of Teneriffe. But a newer and bolder line, starting like the other at the mouth of the Potomac, went up the coast, skirted Greenland, got somehow over into Hudson's Bay, and stopped on the furthermost edge of the undiscovered country about the north pole. She traced it with her fat finger as she talked. "An' fus thing they know'd they foun' therselves all blocked up in snow an' ice. Sissy she hev heerd tell of sich ex-peditions whence she were down to New Or-leens. Them boys actilly had to sleep in bags, an' dress in hides. An' Sissy do say ez how they hev had to eat taller! An' they ain't the fus ez hev had to buil' up them houses lak a sweet-'tater hill out 'n ice, an' live in 'em. The' is a pore Mis' Franklin which her ole man hev been ther' mo'n forty year, an' she hain't no reg'lar news fum him yit. Howsomedever, Gabe an' them boys has at las' been res-cued by a passel o' men goin' roun' pas' that-a-way, a-drivin' o' dogs in a kin' o' carry-all; an' I 'low—"

A hand touched her on the shoulder. A light flashed up into her face, and faded again as she turned.

"Mis' Guyger says ez how supper air nigh ready, mammy," said Jim Slater.

"An' I'll be boun' ever'body air ready fer hit," she replied, cheerfully. "Fer a minit I suspicioned hit were Gabe come back," she added, as we moved toward the brush arbor, Mahaly, and the supper.

The moon arose soon after midnight. The infair by that time was at its height. Coon, with his head thrown back and his eyes closed, in imitation of his father, was "making the fiddle talk." Two or three of the married women had deserted their chairs and joined the intricate mazes of *Weevilly Wheat* that was now shaking the puncheon floor of the cabin. Their husbands leaned against the wall, laughing and shouting: "Go it, Sallie!" "Cut out the gals, Marthy Ann! I'll lay ye kin do it!" "Set up to them boys, ole woman, an' ef they don't kiss ye, I'll lick 'em, sho!" Even the scornful Sissy had caught the general infection, and was romping gayly, forgetful of New Orleans and her overskirt and bangs.

Mammy Guyger walked with me across the field to the road where Rick and Jess Guyger were waiting with the major's freshened team.

Jim Slater broke away from the game, of which he was the leader, and followed us.

"Shucks, mammy," he said, caressingly, as he came up behind her and passed an arm about her waist; "ye know ye air ez blin' ez a owl, an' like ez not, ef I don't look out fer ye, ye'll be stumpin' yo' toe in some of these darn' tie-vines."

We took reluctant leave of our kindly hosts, and shook hands almost as warmly with Jim Slater. I climbed into the high buggy beside Rick. He gathered up the reins, and the horses gave a leap forward, in obedience to a light touch of the whip.

But Mammy Guyger was calling us; we stopped and looked back. The silvery moonlight fell full upon the group we had just left. It brought out the heavy lines around Jess Guyger's sunken eyes, and showed the gathering wrinkles on Mammy Guyger's large placid face; it gave an added touch of gold to the clustering curls of Jim Slater, who seemed, as he stood between them, some lovely embodiment of eternal youth. He was holding one of mammy's broad work-hardened hands between his white palms, and his soft eyes were bent upon her with a look of almost solemn tenderness.

"'Tain't likely ez ye'll meet up wi' Gabe," she was calling after us, in her bright, hearty way. "They hain't had no mo'n time to git to Novy Scoshy, ef that. Some o' them boys is goin' to gin out an' drop in the'r tracks, I 'low. But, Lord, I ain't nowise troubled or werried 'bout *Gabe*. I know *Gabe* air goin' to git home all right."

M. E. M. Davis.

IF YOU CARED.

Unless you come, how can I bid you stay?
I have not courage, now, to call you back;
Not courage even to lift my eyes to yours;
For if you cared you would not turn away;
Ah, if you cared you would not be so cold;
For surely you would feel too great a lack
In all your life without me, if you cared
To wait for words of mine to make you bold;
And when with me your own thoughts would
 be lures
To draw you to me, though I gave no sign,
And teach you, if you sought a smile of mine,
You still might hope to win it, if you dared.

Frett Baylen.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

An idyl of complacency, of beatitude. Stress and storm there might have been, but now the calm haven of happiness has been reached. The perfect repose of the lady shows that, as does the man's assured look of possession. He might seem nonchalant, and yet the line of vision from his eyes is direct. Perhaps they had to wait so long—so long before they were man and wife. He takes to the mint-julep as to the manner born. If a mint-julep be an acquired taste, it is wonderful how a Northern man accepts the ways and manners of Greenbrier County, West Virginia.

There may be huge caravansaries at the White Sulphur, but there are cozy cottages, nests specially feathered for young married pairs, where no prying eyes dare intrude. Here swing hammocks in shady verandas. There be with some hammocks a compounded charm: firstly, there is the graceful arc described in the swaying of it; and secondly, the beautiful curves of the occupant of that hammock.

You must see that the limit of that living pendulum is circumscribed. A hammock is not a swing. The lady knows precisely what is the span a hammock should describe, and Mr. Reinhart has a perfect appreciation of that. It will be observed that the lady is much nearer to the wicker chair than to the table. He may then with his elbow give the hammock the slightest impulse, so as not to endanger the fruit-laden table. So there she rocks as gently as a baby in its cradle, while she plays her own lullaby.

Is she a Virginian, or from Louisiana, South Carolina, Georgia? As was the fashion in the past, had her grandmother, her great-granddam, spent their honey-moons at the old White Sulphur? Alas! some years before she was born, there had been sore trouble, dire distress, want, and penury in the South, and she had barely hoped that when she married she might be happy at the White Sulphur. And it had all come to pass; and now she wonders how it all did happen. Oh! the joy of it, and as she swings and swings, those loving eyes of hers, beneath their fringe of lashes, may seem half drowsy, yet there is a brown flash in them as they seek her husband's glance. Even were her eyes dormant, the smile on her lips tell her heart's story.

The lady does not sing. It makes no matter that she is mute. What she does is with slow-moving fingers to draw a few harmonious chords from her banjo, and she keeps time with the rhythmic balancing of her hammock. It is a low, sweet murmur of sound. Mr. Reinhart, with a talent which is his own, has thrown into his sketch thrum of banjo, fragrance of mint.

AMERICAN HORSE-RACING.

The assertion recently made by one of the ablest and most conservative of contemporaneous turf writers that the money expended and gambled during the racing season reaches the enormous sum of thirty-five million seven hundred thousand dollars is a tax upon the credulity of the great mass of race-goers and turf-lovers who are not directly interested in racing affairs. But the statement is susceptible of the clearest proof. The average attendance at the reputable race-tracks throughout the country may be safely placed at five thousand per day. On certain occasions, like the race for the Brooklyn Handicap at the Gravesend track, Suburban day at Sheepshead Bay course, the Fourth of July at Monmouth and Washington Park, Chicago, the attendance will run up to over thirty thousand people. A minimum figure in the cost of transportation to and from the race-course would be fifty cents per race-goer. Figuring on a basis of an attendance of five thousand, this item alone would be $2500. The lowest aggregate for admissions would be $5000. Refreshments and incidentals will average another dollar per head, or $5000 more. Many of the betting men who attend the races will wager hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars upon a single race. Assuming, however, that the average wager made is $10 on each race, and that one-half of those in attendance are present for the purpose of betting—which is a low estimate indeed—the amount changing hands on each race is $25,000, or for the six races of the day, $150,000. This amount, with a reasonable computation of the current expenses of the track and the income from privileges, will bring the figures up to $170,000 per day. There are two hundred and ten days of racing on the reputable tracks, and the grand total quoted above is reached—a sum of greater magnitude than that which actually changes hands in the Stock Exchange during the same length of time.

As affecting racing interests throughout the length and breadth of the land the most important event of the season was the sale of the yearling King Thomas for $38,000. The news of this large sum of purchase-money—by all odds the largest ever paid for a yearling—was glad tidings to the horse breeders of this country. The price per acre of breeding land from Kentucky to California went up with a bound, the stock on hand took on an enhanced valuation, and a most buoyant feeling was visible wherever the interests of the turf were held in serious consideration.

As was the case in connection with the famous peach-blow vase at the sale of the Morgan collection, when it was alleged the amount named as the purchase price, $18,000, was never paid for the piece of bric-à-brac, so it has been contended that the high price named as paid for King Thomas was far in excess of the amount actually paid to secure ownership. Statements of this character always get abroad anent sensational prices at public sales, but the effect upon horse breeders of the mere news of the $38,000 paid for King Thomas was of the most invigorating nature.

In direct connection with the actual racing of horses, a question of great importance is at present under discussion, and turf-men are taking the liveliest interest in the outcome. The question is whether or not the judges shall be aided in their decisions on close finishes by a camera. It is entirely practicable to get an instantaneous photograph of the horses as they flash by the winning-post. Here is an infallible aid which science offers to the men in the box—a judgment absolutely indisputable. The dissatisfaction expressed over recent rulings, unquestionably honest in intent, makes every safeguard that is available positively necessary.

The public, seeing the finish from different angles of vision, sometimes finds it difficult to agree with the judges, and the judges themselves, high up in their stand, and directly over the track, are apt to neglect a horse running close to the outer rail. The introduction of instantaneous photography, to be sure, would rob the officiating gentlemen of considerable power and much importance; but it would render them impregnable, and their ripe judgment might always have the infallible certificate of science to bear them out in close decisions. There is a good deal going on in a race for the judges to see besides the finish. If they were not so bent on naming the horses in proper order at the end of the race, the race would be more likely to be ridden with greater fairness throughout. There would be less jostling, foul riding, and fewer horses cut down in the course of the season.

In a glance over the racing season up to the present time, and the noteworthy features associated with the different race meetings of the first class, the old track in the heart of Kentucky, at Lexington, naturally first comes to mind. There is an old-fashioned Southern air of hospitality about the atmosphere of the Lexington track. It is practically known as the breeders' track. Here many of the best youngsters ever raised in the blue-grass region have had their first outing in public. The track is the oldest in the country, having been laid out in 1826, and is chiefly notable for the events of the past. The purses offered now are small compared to those of the younger associations, and the attendance and character of the racing have been undoubtedly affected thereby. The race meeting continued from May 7th to 12th. On May 14th the meeting commenced at the Louisville track, built on the site of the old Woodlawn course. The Louisville race-track is chiefly remarkable as having a three-quarter-mile straight-away course, and being built the wrong way. On a clear day the sun glares in the eyes of the visitors on the grand stand, and the finish is discerned with difficulty. The race meeting was in progress on the St. Louis Fair Grounds during the week of the Democratic Convention, in June last, and many of the visiting statesmen went out to the track, and dallied with the fickle goddess by way of a change from politics.

The Latonia Race-course, at Covington, Kentucky, is a Cincinnati enterprise. The Ohio State laws prohibit betting on horse-races, so this race-track was started just across the Ohio River, in Kentucky. There were few notable horses engaged during the meeting. The new race-track at Waldo Park, near Kansas City, was opened on June 12th. The inaugural meeting was not encouraging. The ride out from the city is tiresome and disagreeable, the management could not get high-class horses to compete, and the public would not attend. The summer meeting at Washington Park, Chicago, commenced on June 23d, and ended July 14th. Since its formation the Washington Park Club has been a bulwark of racing in the West. It is located on the flat prairie-land of the suburb Hyde Park, just outside the city limits, and is a very level and fast track. From the nature of the soil it is a very dusty course, and the discomfort of the public is only prevented by the continued sprinkling along the homestretch on racing days. The fashionable way of reaching Washington Park is by way of Lincoln Park—a splendid driveway, along either side of which are several miles of beautiful landscape gardening. Rare plants and shrubs greet the eye at every turn of the carriage wheels, and thousands of flowers are seen grouped in special designs and patterns upon the smooth lawns. An imposing entrance and gateway gives presage of the completeness of the arrangements made for the accommodation of the public. The grand stand, shown on page 577, is the largest and handsomest in the country, and the roof is open, after the English plan, so that the visitor may view the race from a high perch, and look out over miles and miles of prairie-land. There is an exercise track just inside the regular racing course, and the water service is excellent. The fashionable element rally to the support of racing in Chicago, and the Washington Park Club-house is undoubtedly the most pretentious and best appointed jockey-club quarters in the land. Just beyond the grand stand the straight course takes a graceful curve, and in the picture the racers are shown going easily, having just started on their fast journey. The tremendous throng that fills the grand stand and covers the lawn in front are quiet and hushed with expectancy. Here and there a voice will break out or a hand wave in the enthusiasm of the moment, but the excitement is yet to come. Once more the horses, foam-covered and springing forward in answer to the sting of lash and spur, will flash by the multitude. Hats will be thrown in the air, men and women will shout aloud the horses' names, pandemonium will reign—but for an instant. Then all is calm and business-like and practical, as before the battle of the hoofs. The race is over.

There are four first-class race-courses contiguous to New York city—the Jerome Park course, in the city limits; the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, at Gravesend; the Coney Island Jockey Club track, at Sheepshead Bay; and the Monmouth Race-course, near Long Branch. Besides there are lesser organizations at Guttenberg and Clifton, New Jersey, and Yonkers and Brighton Beach, in New York State. At least $2,000,000 is invested in these race-tracks, with their necessary buildings and the keeping of them in condition; and in the various departments, executive and otherwise, over 600 persons are employed.

The Jerome Park track, with its severely aristocratic surroundings, will always lure fashion to the festival of speed. But a conservative and strait-laced management, holding dear the best traditions and scorning later-day innovations, has caused this race-course of many curves to lose its hold in the competition of the younger organizations, and this is probably the last season of Jerome Park as a racing-ground. The Withers and Belmont stakes are the rich prizes run for at Jerome.

But the racing season of the East takes on the color of its prime when the democratic Brooklyn Jockey Club opens its gates at Gravesend. The Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap, run on the first day of the meeting, May 15th, proclaimed the supremacy of Longfellow's great son The Bard, and awakened the minds of turf-lovers in every section to the fact that the season was at hand. The deservedly popular race-track of the Coney Island Jockey Club rouses to the tension point the interest of the race-going public when, on the opening day, the great race for the Suburban Handicap is run. Here the giants among the equine thoroughbreds meet in a contest that has been the hazard and the talk of all turfdom for months. The Suburban winner is a laurel-crowned king. Thousands cheer him on his return to the post, and the wires tingle his name and fame broadcast to every remote and unpretentious breeding farm in the land. The Coney Island Jockey Club is, in all respects, the most successful racing association in the world. The course itself is wellnigh perfection, and here the great contests of the year take place.

The Monmouth Racing Association is plainly business-like. It does not pretend to have a specially attractive race-course, but offers such rich purses and such a magnetic sum of added money that horse owners are coaxed to its confines from far and near.

The magnitude of horse-racing interests in this country; the tremendous total of the money prizes offered by all the racing associations; the great sum spent in their maintenance; the thousands of persons interested in getting their living directly or indirectly from horse-racing; the thousands of acres of breeding farms in California, Kentucky, and other States, which, with their appointments and stock, represent millions of money—tend to make horse-racing a vocation quite as much in the nature of a growing industry as a popular type of sport.

The successful racing associations all pay dividends, equal to from fifteen to twenty per cent. A first-class jockey is an autocrat of high degree. He rides, when off duty, in his private establishment, employs a valet, and receives a stated salary, in several instances of $12,000 per year.

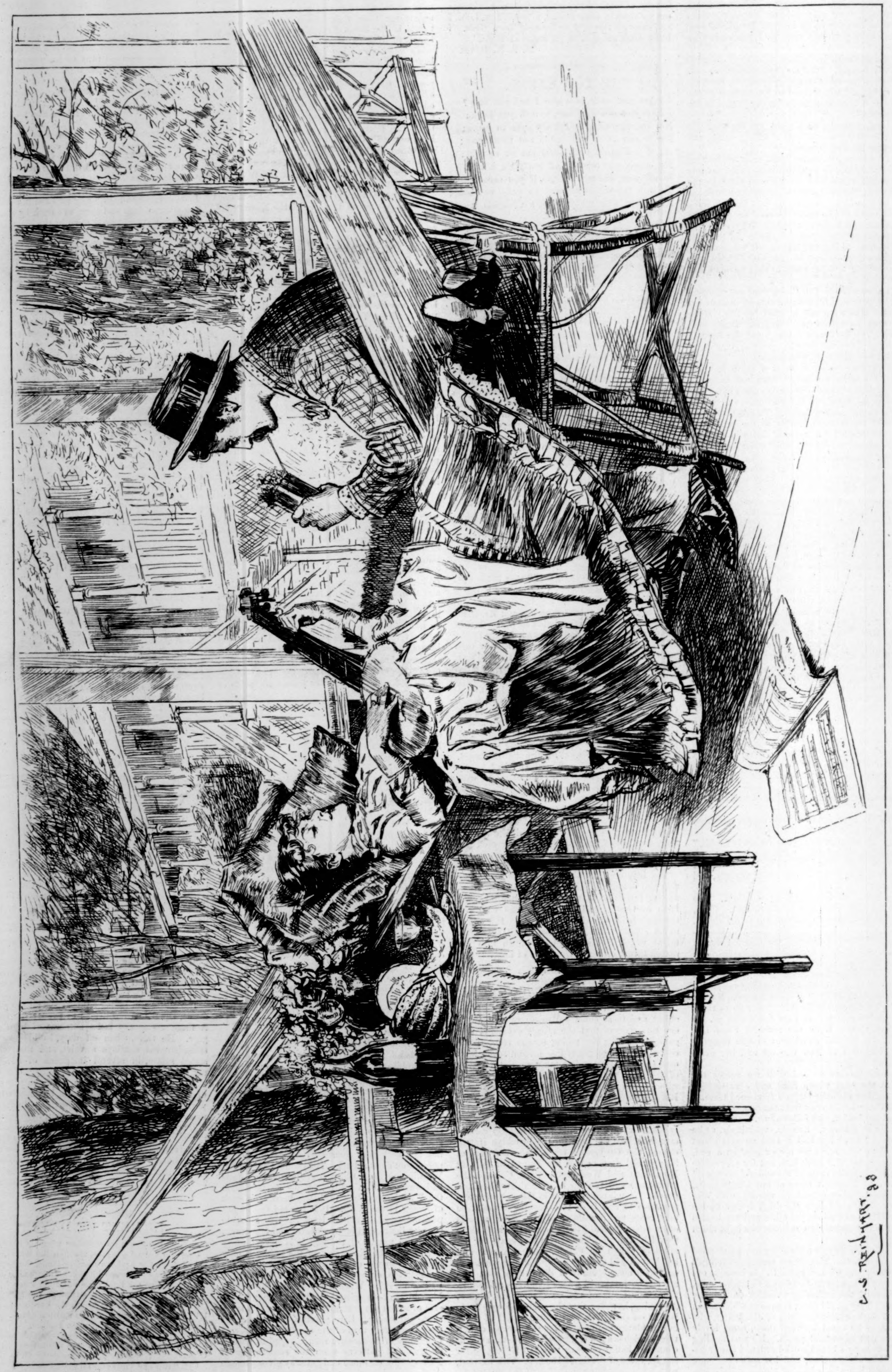
When horse-racing—aside from the pleasure of the sport—is shown to be a business which pays liberally those who are eminent in its various departments of management, training, riding, and breeding, it will find many new adherents. A vast increase upon the great capital already invested is a matter of conjecture and time under a continuance of the bright skies of good fortune which now smile down upon the turf.

William Addison Clarke.

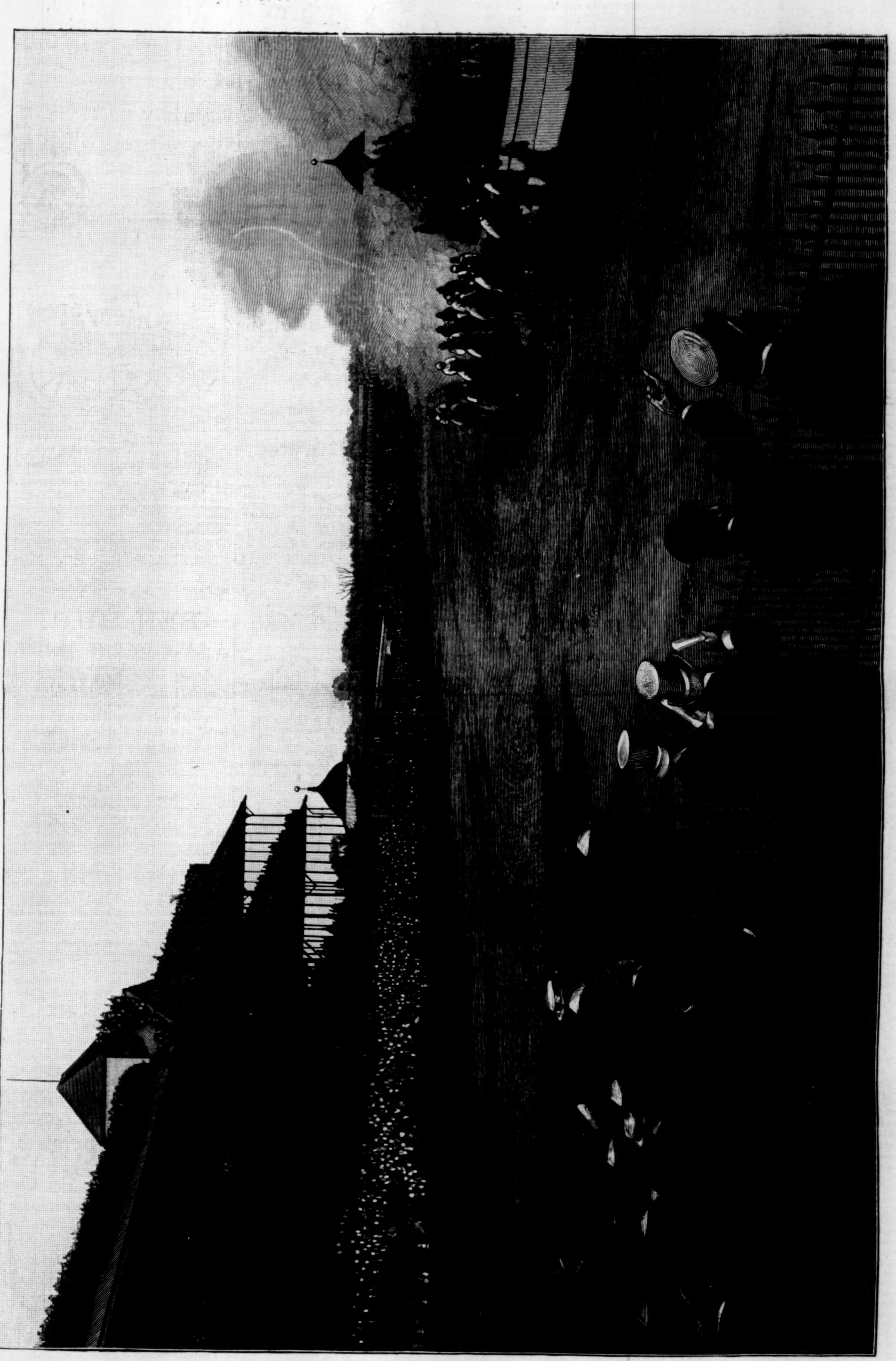
IN HEAT OF DAYS.

Out from the South on noiseless wings is blown,
 Over the upland pastures, through the wheat,
 And down the unshorn meadow-lands, the heat
Of days. The bindweed blossoms June had grown
Fade softly, as the light slips out from some
 Fair day, and laggard lilies through the land
 Slow droop and wither 'neath the burning hand,
While all the singing-birds are smitten dumb.
And as the thirsty earth at noon repines,
 Low voices steal from out the corn, "Lie still,
 O pastures, till our young ears drink their fill
Of sunlight"; and the grapes amid the vines
 Cry, "Rest, ye birds and lilies, lo, this heat
 Brings to the waiting vineyards vintage sweet."

Lucy E. Tilley.


C. S. REINHART '88

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 575.]



THE CHICAGO RACE-TRACK.—From a Photograph by J. W. Taylor.—[See Page 575.]

THE PEEKSKILL CAMP.

In this number of the Weekly we give illustrations of some of the exercises of the annual encampment of the National Guard of the State of New York on Roa Hook plateau, overlooking Peekskill Bay. Characteristic attitudes of expert and recruit in firing, and of the line in skirmish drill, indicate one important class of the training at this camp. A distinguishing feature of it has always been its sacrifice of show to useful work, discarding all exercises which do not directly tend to increased efficiency. Not only are the elaborate reviews familiar in most camps discountenanced, but even time spent upon useful exercises—like target practice, for example—which can as well be taught elsewhere, is grudged. Skirmish drill, however, is something that cannot be taught in the armory. Like camp guard and outpost duty, assembling at the long roll, field engineering, the escort and defence of convoys, duties of advance and rear guard, and so on, its illusion is wholly lost when an attempt is made to go through its forms within-doors. The taking of distances, advancing, retreating, and firing, demand the open field; and there, too, the method of profiting by natural obstacles in procuring shelter from the enemy's fire on broken ground can be practically taught.

In its outfit, methods, administration, and prolonged annual occupation, the Peekskill encampment stands at the head of regimental militia camps of this country. Established on an elevated plain upon the east bank of the Hudson, in a beautiful locality, it is easy of access from all parts of the State by rail and river. Since the majority of the troops are concentrated in the southeast part of the State, in and around New York city and Brooklyn, the camp must be near enough to them to reduce to a minimum the average time and cost of transportation. This consideration, with the ease of procuring supplies, and the healthful and picturesque surroundings, determined the choice of the grounds in 1882. When several seasons of renting had shown the value of the site, it was bought outright by the State; and it has been greatly improved by permanent buildings, grading and preparing grounds, and providing suitable bathing, cooking, and other facilities.

The time during which the camp is open has been gradually extended, until this year it lasts from June 16th to August 11th, which forms a large part of the season when tent life is agreeable and expedient. Each organization has a tour of one week, beginning on a Saturday and ending the Saturday following; and when it marches out, its successor comes in. During the present year the regiments selected for camp duty were the Eighth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Thirty-second, Sixty-fifth, and Sixty-ninth. In addition thirty-two of the separate companies were detailed for the same period, organized into eight provisional battalions of four companies each. During each of the first four weeks one of these battalions occupied the camp with one of the regiments; the fifth battalion was assigned to camp between July 28th and August 4th; and the remaining three for the closing week. The Fourteenth Regiment opened the camp again this summer as in 1886. It is now possible to put all the infantry of the State into camp for a week every other year, and the opportunity thus given for detailed drill and discipline makes it a school of instruction in the true sense. Its superiority over the division camps established in some States, coming every year, but lasting only from three to five days, with a great part of the time taken up with reviews, inspections, sham fights, and brigade drills, is manifest. Coming only once in two years, it is not a burden, and each organization looks forward eagerly to the week in camp. The troops are paid as well as fed by the State, and a post band is provided, to save the cost of regimental music.

The work of the camp is so laid out as to give plenty of rest and recreation. "Early bread and coffee" follows reveille, and then company drill. After breakfast comes guard mounting, one of the most attractive of garrison exercises, although rarely performed in camp without errors. The men detailed for sentry duty take their twenty-four hours of this not covetable service, and the remainder go on for battalion or skirmish drill until near dinner. Through the afternoon there is opportunity for rest and for base-ball and other games, swimming, and so on, while dress parade comes in the evening. Last summer intense heat and numerous days of rain prevented much of the work possible, but this year the weather has been far more favorable, and better than can ordinarily be counted on.

A leading feature of the Peekskill camp is its administration, which is intrusted to a general staff, with Adjutant-General Josiah Porter as Post Commander. Considering that the duties thus imposed are continuous throughout the greater part of the hot season, and involve also preparation of the camp each season, few States, if any, can show equal devotion of time to the summer instruction of the militia. The advantages of this system are uniformity in administration, discipline, and programme of exercises, and greater care of State property. Method is everywhere visible. Regiment after regiment, company after company, come to the camp and are governed by the same regulations. This arrangement takes from officers anxiety and labor that would otherwise fall upon them, and allows them to lay out their full time in the instruction of their men. It has sometimes been suggested that it might be better to turn over the camp to the charge of each successive regimental commander, to conduct it to suit himself; but a large part of the officers would then be occupied with administrative duties, the troops would suffer in food and care, and there would be no uniformly high standard of regulations. Strict discipline is now easily maintained, intoxication is guarded against by careful regulations, and illuminations and fireworks are not permitted.

Of course many improvements in the State camp are possible. The constantly changing membership of the National Guard, bringing a large proportion of recruits each year to the camp, keeps it mostly occupied with rudimentary work, with especial attention to sentry duty, habits of discipline, "set-up," and salutes. But whoever looks at its well-turfed fields, carefully kept roads, and straight rows of well-pitched tents on scrupulously clean company streets; at its kitchens, fine mess hall, and other buildings in perfect neatness; its abundant water supply; its excellent commissariat and good bathing facilities; whoever sees the roomy interior of the tents and their good bedding, or on the drill field observes everywhere the soldier-like State uniforms—will acknowledge that it is a genuine military camp. He will note a difference in comparing it with some State camps, where men are crowded into tents without beds, or are scrambling for a belated and scanty supply of ill-cooked and unsuitable food, decked in old-fashioned militia gaudiness of raiment, having a picnic by day and fireworks by night. That the tour at Peekskill improves the discipline and efficiency of the National Guard cannot be doubted.

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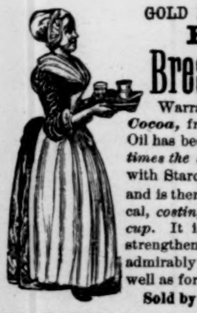

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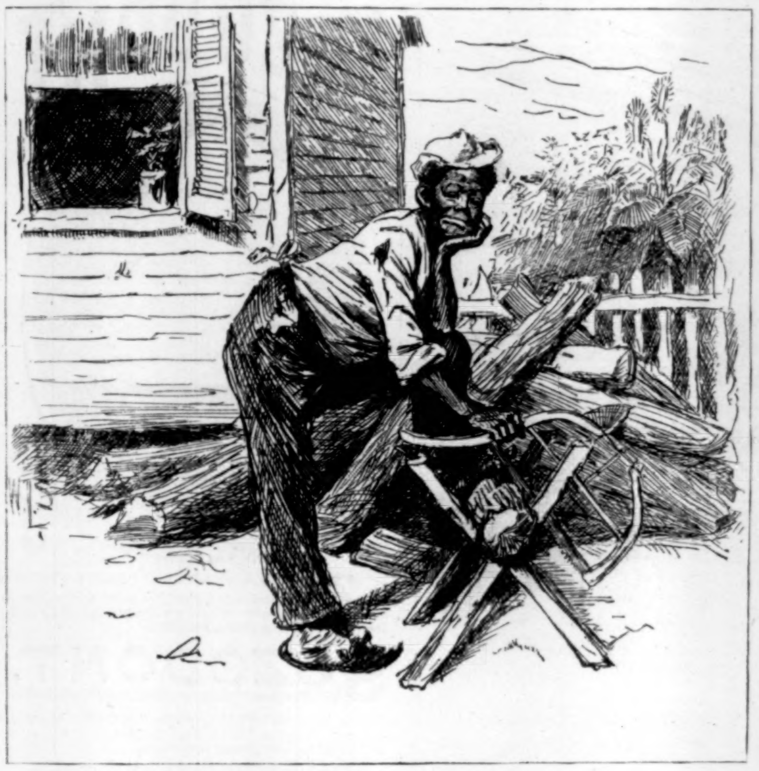

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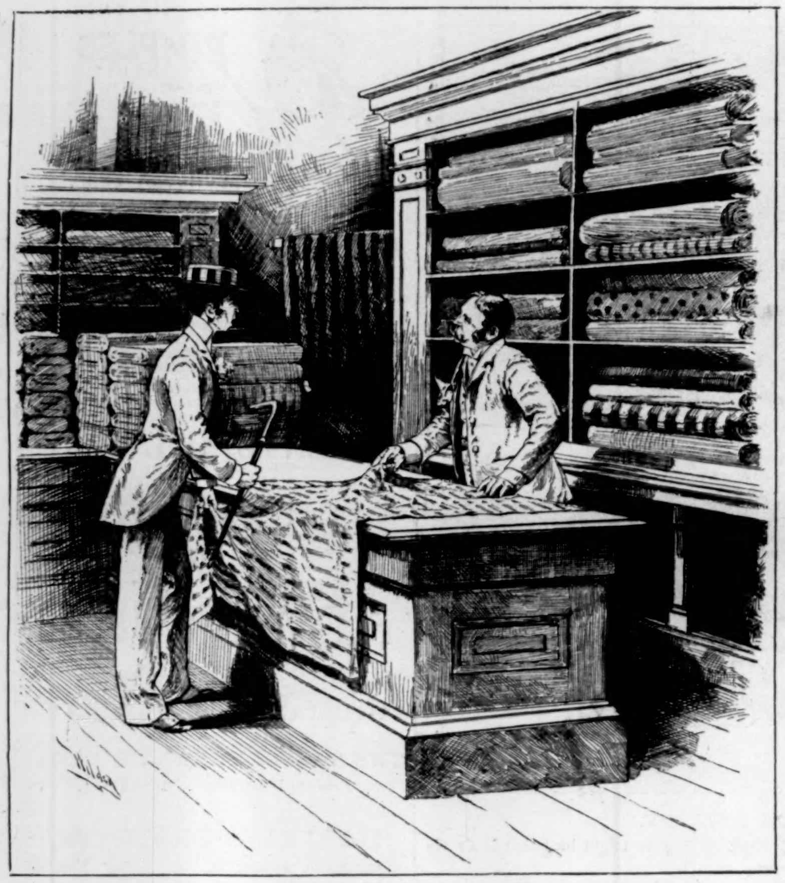

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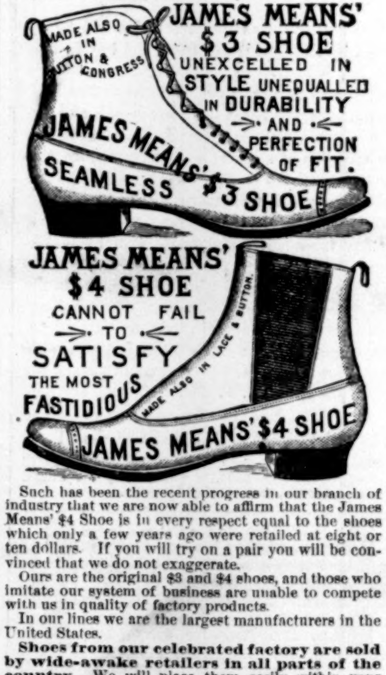
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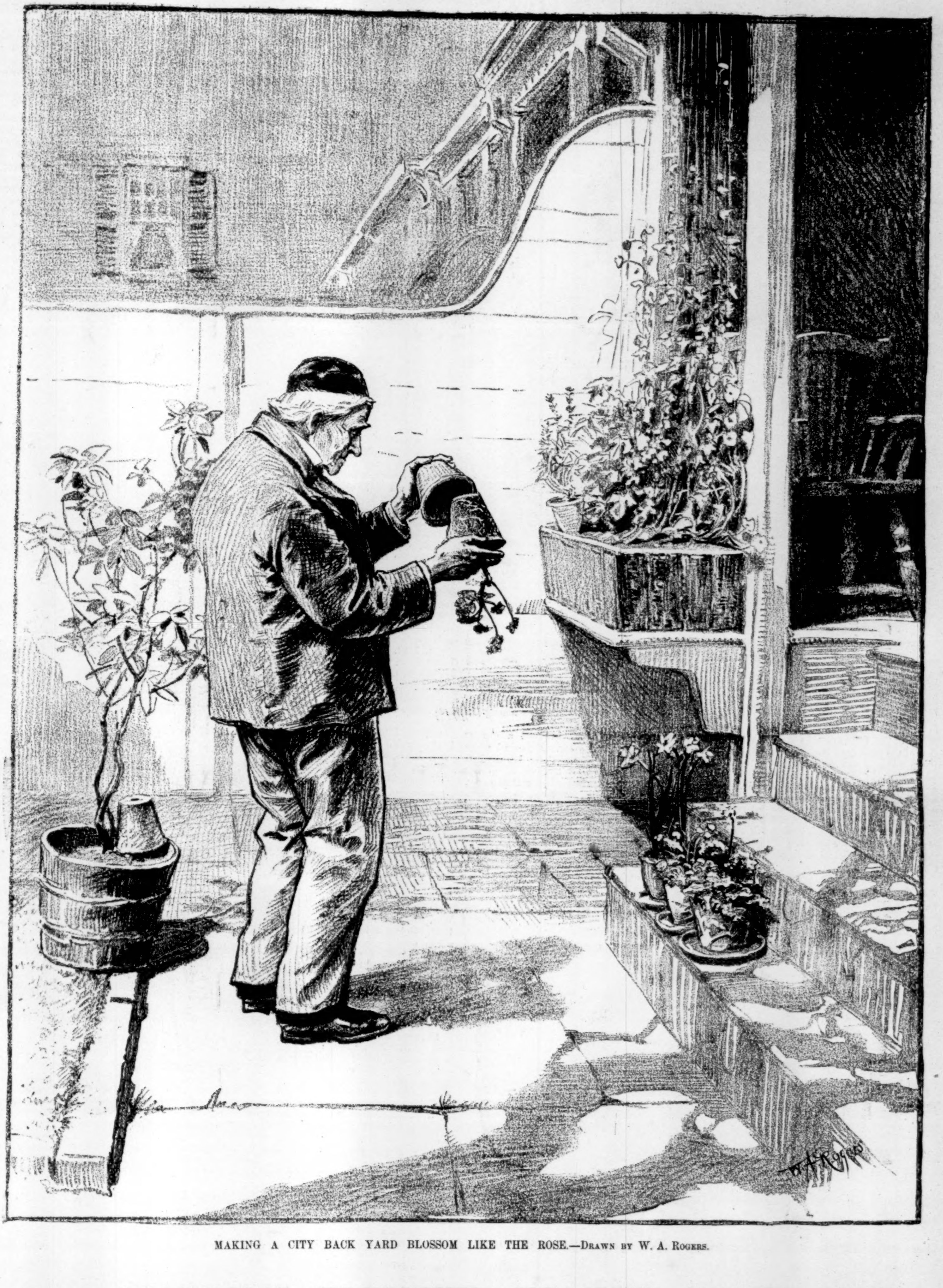


MAKING A CITY BACK YARD BLOSSOM LIKE THE ROSE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

THE "FOREIGN ELEMENT" IN NEW YORK CITY.

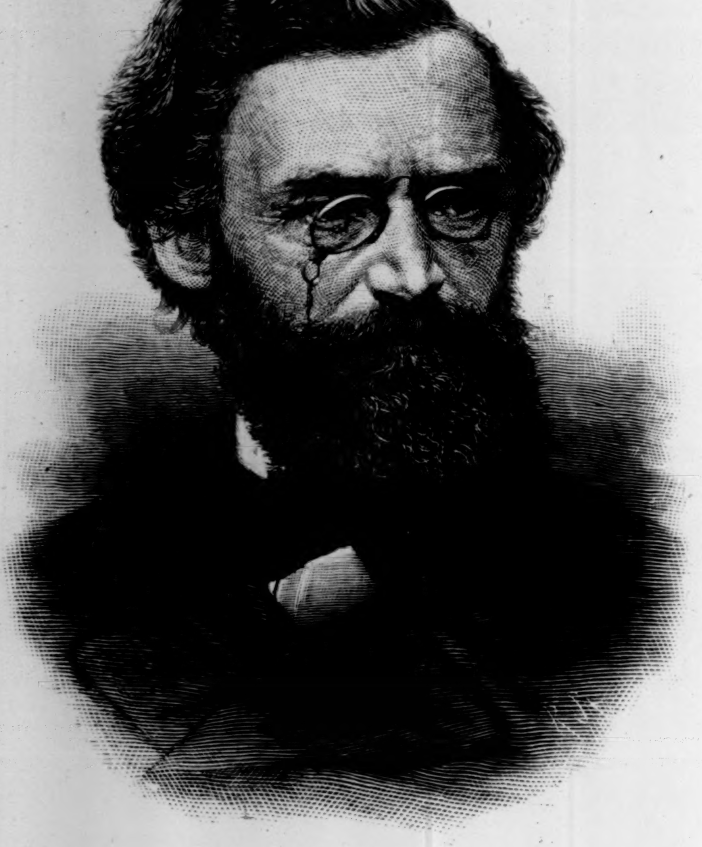
BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

I.—THE GERMANS.

ACCORDING to the last census, thirty-eight nationalities are represented in the city of New York, to wit: Africa, Asia, Atlantic islands, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bohemia, British America, Central America, China, Cuba, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Greece, Greenland, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, Mexico, Norway, Portugal, Poland, Russia, Sandwich and Pacific islands, Scotland, South American islands, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Wales, and the West Indies. In this truly cosmopolitan collection of humanity the natives of Ireland, in point of numbers, stand at the head of the list, while the Germans rank second. In 1880 there were in New York city 198,595 persons who were born in Ireland, and 163,482 who were natives of Germany. Taking the figures from 1865, however, to the present time, the German immigrants outnumbered the Irish, there having been 1,738,098 German immigrants as against 947,569 Irish.

It would be impossible, even in the generous limits assigned to this article, to write exhaustively of the life of the Germans as it is presented in the different phases of modern existence. The purpose of the writer will be to touch upon the most salient features of that life, to give a fair idea of the German in the great metropolis, as he appears in commerce, and as he is affected by the various social, musical, theatrical, and religious enterprises under his immediate control.

In commercial life the Germans are well represented. There are fifty bankers of high standing. There are probably five hundred importers, covering the silk, lace, trimmings, dry-goods, and woollen trades. There are nearly fifty brewers, while such

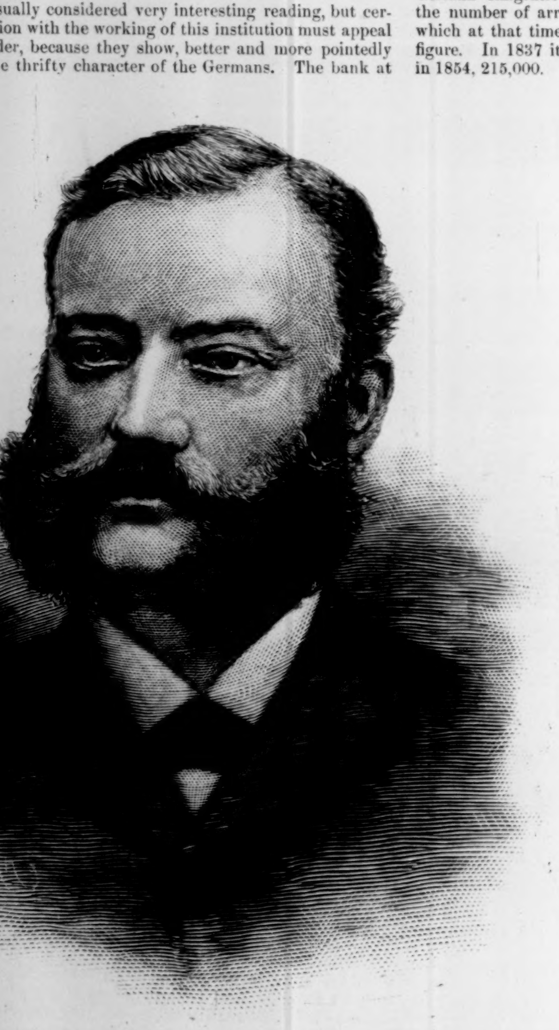


HON. CARL SCHURZ.

important industries as the oil trade, pianos, the ham trade, the provision business, seeds, and drugs are represented by large and prosperous firms.

The German Savings-Bank, probably the largest institution of the kind in which Germans are interested in the country, situated on the southeast corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, furnishes an apt illustration of the native grit and perseverance of the Germans. It was started in what is now a store on the ground-floor of the Cooper Institute building in the year 1859. There were only twenty-five incorporators, and at the time none of them were over-wealthy. Each man put in $200, taking all risks as to whether the investment would pay, and promising to make no complaint if his little loan was lost entirely. This was the first German savings-bank in the city, and it started with a capital of five thousand dollars. In 1871 the business of the institution had become large enough to warrant the purchase of an old brick building called the Napier Coffee-House, on the site of the present structure, which was then built at a cost of $500,000.

Statistics are not usually considered very interesting reading, but certain figures in connection with the working of this institution must appeal to the thoughtful reader, because they show, better and more pointedly than words can do, the thrifty character of the Germans. The bank at present has accounts with 59,000 persons. Of this number 30,000 represent small amounts, averaging not more than five hundred dollars. Since its existence the bank has issued 200,000 books. In 1859 the number of deposits and drafts during the year was 3901; in 1869, 49,602; in 1879, 46,059; and in 1886, 137,203. The amount of total resources in 1859 was $289,054; in 1869, $5,096,180; in 1879, $7,821,893; and in 1886, $22,878,424. The amount of surplus in 1859 was $42.24; in 1869, $373,028; in 1879, $578,882; and in 1886, $1,668,083.



GENERAL AUGUST FEIGEL, CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

The present officers of this well-conducted institution are Philip Bissinger, president; Robert Schell, first vice-president; Carl Rose, second vice-president; Jacob Windmüller, controller; G. F. Amthor, treasurer; and J. B. Keller, cashier. Only five of the original trustees are living: Messrs. Philip Bissinger, Jacob Windmüller, J. B. Keller, Otto Ernst, and Robert Schell.

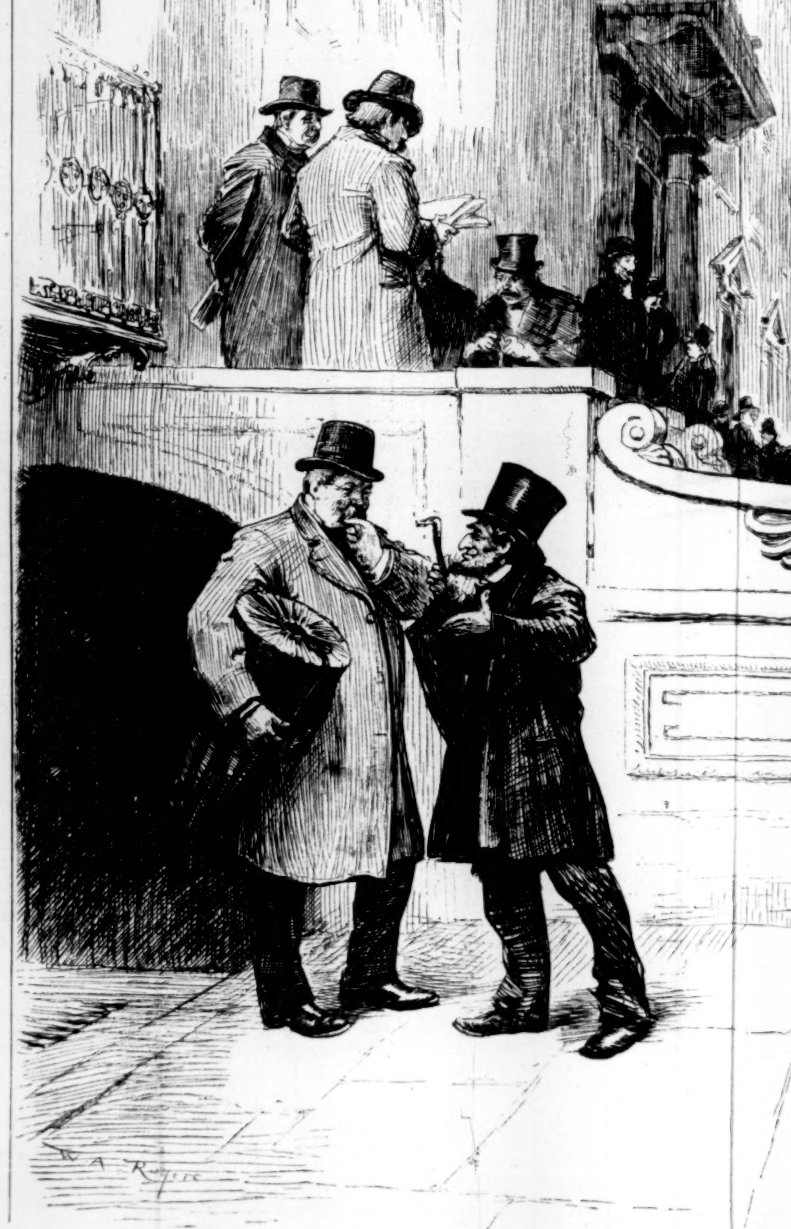
Fire-insurance interests are well represented by the Germania Fire-Insurance Company, which was organized in 1857. Its original promoters were not all Germans, though the nationality was well represented. The original capital was $200,000; soon afterward it was increased to $500,000. The company paid all its losses growing out of the Boston and Chicago fires, and in 1880 its capital was increased to $1,000,000. The German-American Insurance Company was organized in 1872. This also has a capital of a million dollars, is very successful, and was not crippled by the great losses in the two large fires just alluded to.

Among the German benevolent enterprises the German Society of New York is the most important. Its history is peculiarly interesting. It is over one hundred years old, having been founded October 4, 1784, by thirteen Germans and a few others, the objects of the society being to encourage emigration from Germany, to assist needy emigrants, and to disseminate useful knowledge among Germans in the State of New York.

In 1804 a charter was granted to the society. Between 1808 and 1818 such well-known men as Peter Lorillard, the Rev. Frederick W. Geissenhainer, Philip Hone, William F. Havemeyer, Frederick Havemeyer, and William B. Astor were admitted to membership. Later on, John Jacob Astor was elected president of the society, and made donations to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. In the early days of the society the German population of New York city was very small. It was not until 1832 that the rising flood-tides of German emigration began to pour in. In 1832 the number of arrivals had reached 10,194 souls, which at that time was thought an extraordinary figure. In 1837 it was 23,700; in 1847, 74,000; in 1854, 215,000. Then it fell until after the Civil War, reaching 133,400 in 1867, 155,500 in 1872, and a little over a quarter of a million in 1882. During the sixty-four years between 1820 and 1884 nearly four million German emigrants came to America, and four-fifths of that number landed in New York.

In these later years the society has found ample work to do in assisting the needy; it has not, however, within the last twenty years found it necessary to put forth special effort to "encourage emigration from Germany." In a pamphlet issued by the society, and widely distributed among the persons most likely to be benefited, some very wholesome advice is given to would-be emigrants. The society has a bureau where advice and information are given, and where letters for arriving emigrants are cared for. In the charity department pecuniary aid is furnished to Germans in distress, widows with young children being objects of especial sympathy and help. Two regularly appointed physicians attend to cases of sickness among the poor, making about three thousand visits during the year. In the banking department an exchange business is carried on, passage tickets procured, simple legal papers, like powers of attorney, drawn up for those who desire them, and money received and temporarily cared for.

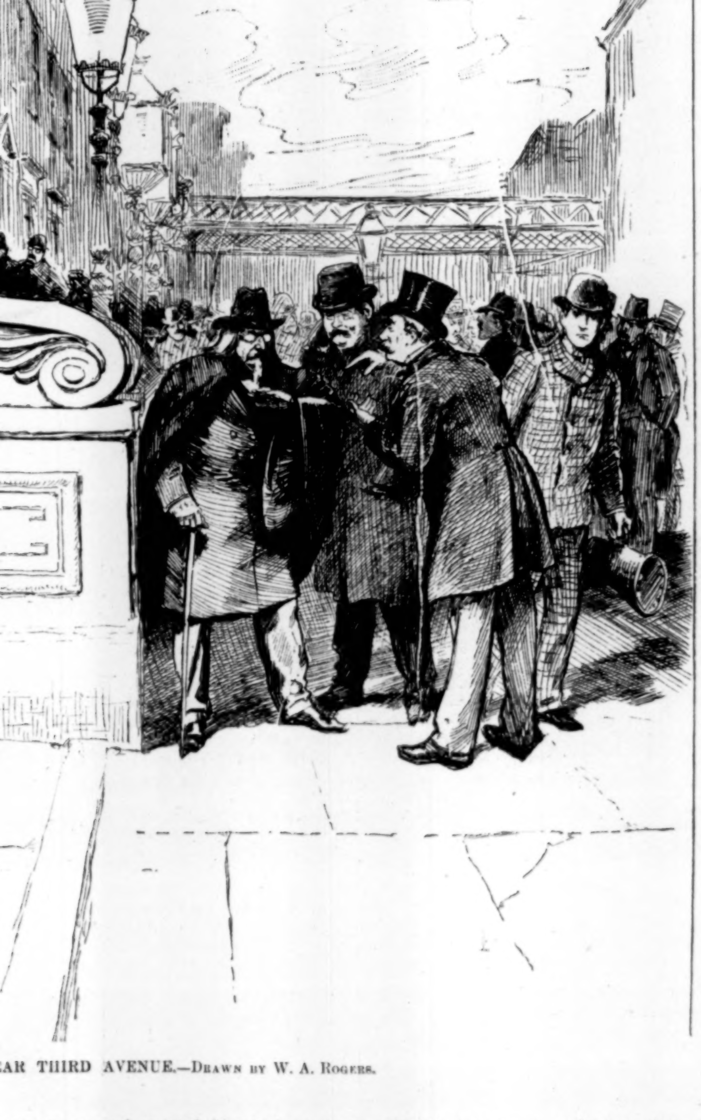
The German Emigrant House, at 26 State Street, represents another important benevolent enterprise. Here emigrants can find food and lodging, for which, if they have means, they are expected to pay; many poor persons, however, are accommodated free of expense. The home was started in 1873, and has been in charge of Rev. William Berkemeier. It was incorporated under the name of the Lutheran Emigrants' House Association of New York. According to the act of incorporation, "the object of the association shall be to provide the emigrants on their arrival with a Christian home, to assist them with the necessary counsel and protection, and in connection with which a chapel and the services of a chaplain, to be helpful to them in the discharge of their highest religious duties." Three years ago an extension was made to the building at a cost of $16,000. By this extension twenty-two rooms were added, and the house has now accommodations for nearly four hundred persons. The main office and sitting-room of the home is on the first floor, and from the windows the Battery Park can be seen. The price for board and lodging is one dollar a day, or five dollars a week; a private room costs twenty-five cents a day extra. Single meals cost twenty-five cents each. Boarders must pay every morning, or weekly, in advance. The breakfast hour is from six to seven, dinner from twelve to one, and supper from six to seven o'clock. Money and valuables must be left with the house-keeper. No kind of liquor is sold, and the use of improper language is strictly prohibited. There are religious services, according to the forms of the Lutheran Church, in a neat chapel on the first floor, both morning and evening, and the usual services on Sunday. The house is closed at ten o'clock every night. The building is heated with steam, and at night guests are allowed to sit in their rooms, though the smoking of pipes and cigars in the private apartments is not allowed. One part of the work of the German Emigrant House is to furnish free meals to the destitute. Every day at noon-time a crowd of poor Germans will be seen at the basement door. When the regular boarders have finished their meal the outsiders are allowed to enter, and are furnished with a good wholesome dinner free of cost. On Thanksgiving and Christmas Day a free dinner is given to all the German emigrants in Castle Garden.



THE MUSICAL EXCHANGE ON FOURTH STREET, NEAR

A few doors below, at No. 8 State Street, is the Lutheran Pilgrim House, an enterprise somewhat similar to the one just described. The substantial five-story building in which the work is carried on was bought in December, 1885, at a cost of $45,000, with the purpose of carrying on more successfully the Emigrant Mission of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States, which was begun at Castle Garden in 1868 by Pastor S. Keyl. During the nineteen years of its existence a million religious tracts, almanacs, and church papers have been distributed among emigrants; $11,000 in cash has been given to the poor for meals and lodging; $55,000, in various sums, has been advanced to emigrants who had no means, or not enough means, to reach the place of their destination in the West or Northwest. Of this latter sum $50,000 has been returned by the recipients, leaving a loss of only $5000, or only one-eleventh of the whole amount. The Pilgrim House is owned by the Missouri Synod, a branch of the Lutheran Church, and is supported by contributions from different Lutheran congregations in the United States. It has twenty-seven rooms, and can accommodate one hundred and thirty-persons with board and lodging at one time. For this accommoda- a reasonable price is charged, though destitute persons and families provided for free of expense.

nother German Mission House, located at No. 27 State Street, is under auspices of the Methodist Church. This has been in existence since 7. The objects of this society are benevolent and religious, the in- ion being to afford to German emigrants, sailors, and others speak- the German language, shelter, protection, board, religious instruction, , and advice, as well as facilities for obtaining employment, general rmation, and news. The management and disposition of the affairs his society are vested in a Board of Trustees, consisting of twelve nen, appointed by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society he Methodist Church, and three Methodist clergymen, appointed by Eastern German Conference. There is a regular missionary ap- ted by the same Conference, who conducts church services, and has eral oversight of the institution. In the same neighborhood there similar enterprises carried on under the auspices of both the Re- ned and the Protestant Episcopal Churches. It will be seen, there- , that the wayfaring German emigrant does not have to drift far from le Garden before he finds men of his own nationality who will welcome to our shores, provide, if necessary, for his temporal wants, see that



AR THIRD AVENUE.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

as money enough to reach his new home in some distant part of our try, and keep alive his interest in spiritual truths and church services. close proximity to these institutions, and facing the little park at foot of Broadway, which must not be very imposing even to the eye poor German emigrant, is the office of A. Feigel, the German Consul- eral, whose special district extends over New York, Vermont, New sey, and Connecticut. Mr. Feigel (a fine-looking specimen of Ger- manhood, by-the-way) keeps close watch on all economical ques- s as they arise in our country—questions in regard to industries, r, strikes—and makes a report on the same yearly to his govern- t. He is of assistance to the courts in Germany by examining wit- ses before trial, attends to disputes relating to the engagement of ors, and issues passports. Down in this region of the city, where you mble against a German emigrant at almost every step, you are im- ssed not so much with his poverty, for that is not especially pro- nced, but by his look of mental helplessness. When this look is nd, as it often is, in the face of a man of great physical strength, the bination appears particularly incongruous, and even amusing. When poor German lands, and wanders around the lower part of the great ropolis, never farther up Broadway than the Astor House, he is awed ome of the sights he sees, surprised at others; these feelings, occa- nal only, find expression in his countenance. As a rule, he looks like a man who does not know what to do or where to go: he is helpless; he feels lost. For this reason the benevolent enterprises alluded to are all to be praised for doing a good work; they come to him in the threefold capacity of policeman to warn him of the pitfalls to be found even in the New World, friendly counsellor in all temporal affairs, and spiritual helper in matters pertaining to the soul.

Among many other benevolent societies are two for the benefit of widows and orphans. The German Mutual Assistance Society for Widows and Orphans was incorporated in 1838. Widows and orphans who own paid-up shares in this organization are entitled to thirty dollars yearly. Another society for the relief of German widows with large families, of indigent females too aged to work, of orphans and the sick generally, was started in 1858. The German Legal Aid Society is still another benevolent enterprise, which renders legal aid and assistance gratuitously to those of German birth who may appear worthy thereof, but who from poverty are unable to procure it.

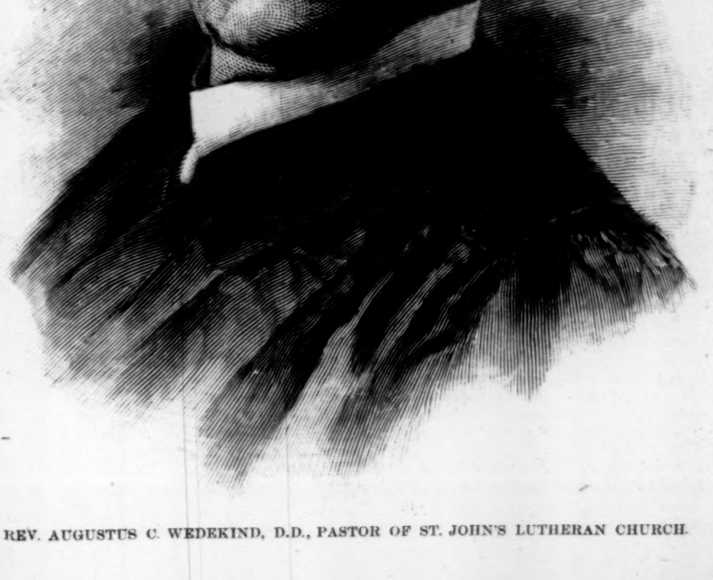
The Masonic fraternity is represented by twenty-eight district lodges, with an aggregate membership of about three thousand. It is sixty years since the first German lodge was started in New York city. The Germans have a Masonic temple at 220 East Fifteenth Street, built in 1879 at a cost of about $80,000, and the building is now almost free from debt. George Intemann is the District Deputy Grand Master of the German Masons, and the order is in a flourishing condition. The only Masonic paper in the United States printed in the German language is published in New York city. It is an eight-page weekly journal, and is now in its fifth volume. Connected with the Masons is the German Masonic Relief Association, which affords temporary relief to its members in case of sickness, and two thousand dollars to the widow or family in case of death. As soon as the revenue from the Masonic Temple will justify, it is the intention of the German Masons to build an asylum for old Masons, their widows and orphans. The location of the new institution will be on Long Island, not far from the city, and probably in the vicinity of Woodhaven.

The church-going Germans are Protestant by a very large majority, the Lutheran Church having the largest number of attendants. There are fourteen German Lutheran churches in New York city. Services in the German language are carried on in other Protestant churches. The Roman Catholics have four churches where services are conducted in the German language.

It is frankly admitted by German clergymen that a large number of their countrymen in the great metropolis do not attend church, and manifest but little interest in spiritual matters. One authority puts the number of non-church-goers at fifty thousand; some of them may be infidels and agnostics, but the most of them are simply indifferent. When these same men were in Germany they attended church services regularly, but when they get to America their first and only thought is how to better their worldly condition. This close attention to business, this fierce struggle, so much emphasized by Americans themselves, to get on in the world, and the harassing fear that in a new country, among strangers, they may fail to win a home and subsistence, soon makes some Germans materialists of the practical sort. The first thing that the German thinks of when he lands on our shores is the possibility of owning his own house. With that object in view he goes to work, and is finally so wrapped up in his employment, spurred on as he is by that selfish but natural ambition, that his spiritual duties are lost sight of or entirely forgotten. In dealing with the religious or spiritual side of the German character, Protestants, especially Protestant clergymen, display a great want of knowledge of the German nature as it has been influenced for countless generations by his surroundings in the old country. A late report of the City Mission and Tract Society—prepared by men who must have a large knowledge on this subject—says: "It is the common opinion that the German people are not in sympathy with true religion; but this is by no means the case. The German people are deeply religious." The German Protestant is strict in the performance of his religious duties, but he will frankly inform you that he does not think Puritanical ideas of propriety have anything to do with true religion. He will drink a glass of wine or beer, or have an "outing" in some suburb on a Sunday, and that, too, without feeling that he has harmed himself physically, morally, or spiritually.

MR. OSWALD OTTENDORFER, EDITOR OF THE "STAATS-ZEITUNG."

The Lutheran Church is liturgical in character, and as the forms and ceremonies are more elaborate in some churches than in others, some persons suppose that the Church is divided into "High-Church" and "Low-Church." This is not the fact. There are three governmental divisions in the Church, and the two kinds of service will be found in each division. The first division is the General Synod, which holds to the doctrines of Luther, but does not condemn independence in thinking in matters non-essential, and permits clergymen of other bodies to officiate in their churches. The General Council does not allow any clergymen but those of their own body to conduct services in their churches. The third division, the Missouri Synod, composed mostly of foreigners, is the strictest of the sect, and will not recognize either of the other two divisions. On account of the divisions just alluded to there is no Sunday-school union in the Lutheran Church. The lessons follow the ecclesiastical year, which is very similar to that of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There are special services for both church and school, for the seasons of Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Good-Friday, Easter, Ascension, Whitsuntide, and Trinity-Sunday. The ordinary Sunday-school service is opened with a hymn; then there is a prayer, followed by another hymn; the lesson for the day is read aloud by the superintendent and school; the Apostles' Creed is then recited, when the school breaks up into classes, where



REV. AUGUSTUS C. WEDEKIND, D.D., PASTOR OF ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.